

STONEWALL SUPPLEMENT INSIDE

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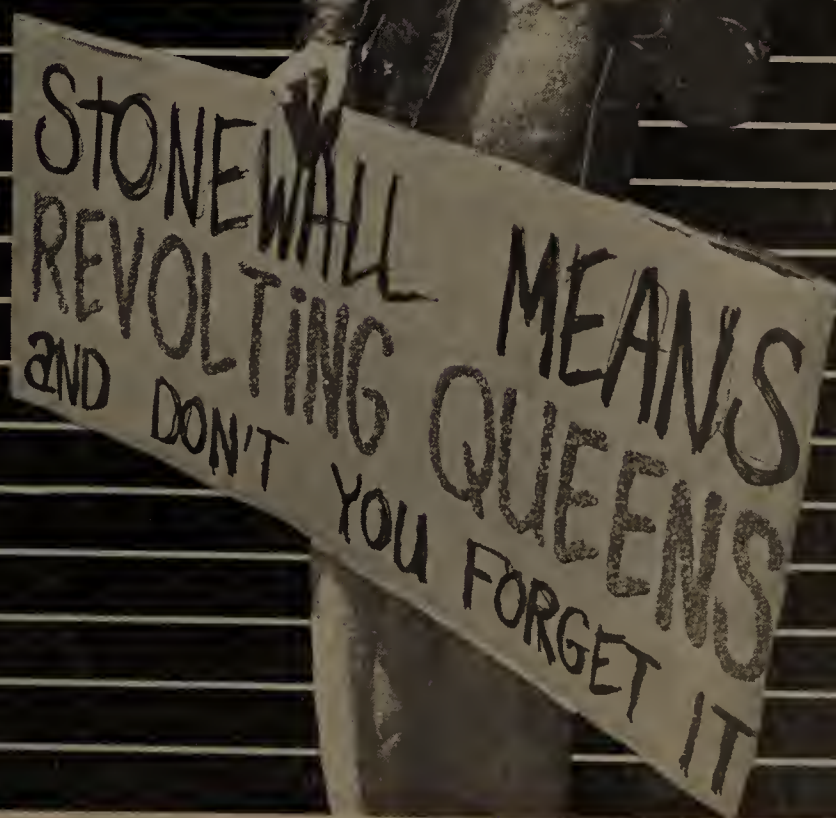
GayCommunity News

THE WEEKLY FOR LESBIANS AND GAY MALES

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STONEWALL REMEMBERED:

BOSTON COMES OUT FOR PRIDE



GayCommunityNews

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June 30, 1984

'Festival' Format Sparks Protest

17,000 Come Out for Boston Pride

By Larry Goldsmith

BOSTON — More than 17,000 lesbians and gay men marched in perfect weather through the streets of Boston on June 16 for this city's 14th annual Lesbian and Gay Pride Day.

Marchers gathered in Copley Square at noon under the banners of dozens of individual lesbian and gay organizations, and walked the now-traditional route along Boylston, Charles, Cambridge, Tremont, Park and Beacon Streets.

At the end of the route, marchers poured into the Boston Common past ranks of members of the Boston AIDS Action Committee, each of whom carried a placard memorializing the death of a local person from AIDS. On the Common, marchers found not the traditional rally, but the first annual Boston Lesbian and Gay Pride Festival, a collection of independently-sponsored tables and booths, offering food and drink, Pride memorabilia, camel rides, and a hot air balloon. A one-dollar donation was asked of people who wished to enter the festival area.

On a stage at the far end of the festival, musicians, entertainers and a short list of speechmakers addressed the festivalgoers. Ann Maguire, newly-appointed Mayoral Liaison to the Lesbian and Gay Community, recalled the history of the Stonewall Riots, now 15 years past.

"From the beginning, there emerged a new spirit, a feeling of pride," said Maguire. "With this new-found pride we began to fight for our rights at all levels of government."

Radical Fairy and Mattachine Society Founder Harry Hay, who traveled from Los Angeles for the occasion, then delivered the day's keynote speech. Hay described the

pre-Stonewall evolution of the Mattachine as an organization whose early radical ideals were to be toned down by a growing membership.

"The majority," recalled Hay, "now middle-class in outlook, swamped our radical perceptions and opted for the notion that we were the same as everybody else except in bed.... The middle-class cop-out remained largely the movement's policy and outlook until Stonewall. The Stonewall eruption ignited the powder trains we radicals had been laying in many parts of the country."

"Because we haven't learned," continued Hay, "to love and to appreciate the magnificence of what we Gay and Lesbian Folk have contributed to society's well-being over the millennia *precisely because of our particular differences* from them, because we simply haven't told them who we are and what we are for, we are in trouble."

gay trade fair."

Charley Shively, another protester, criticized the \$26,000 budget for this year's event. "In 1971, when we started, the budget I believe was about \$500," he said.

In addition to the protest at the festival, classified advertisements objecting to the admission "donation" appeared in two issues of GCN.

"I resent that they're putting their energies toward being divisive," responded Greg Dorian, a member of the Pride Committee standing near the protest. "There's only six to 12 people working on the committee. If they had put their energy toward helping raise money, we wouldn't have had to charge admission."

Pride Committee Coordinator Marsha Levine told GCN the committee sent a survey last January to the 153 lesbian and gay organizations and businesses on its mailing list, soliciting criticism and reactions to the idea of having a

More Pride Photos on Page 6

District 8 City Councillor David Scondras followed Hay with a few words about the Human Rights Ordinance now pending in the Boston City Council.

"I expect it to be passed," Scondras said, "because this human rights ordinance is the most American bill in the history of this city."

The change of format this year from a "rally" to a "festival" sparked a protest of a half-dozen people outside one of the festival entrances. "We've already paid to be gay," said protester Ann Holder, objecting to the one-dollar "donation" requested at the gates. "It's a depoliticization of the whole thing, making it into a

festival instead of a rally. Levine said the committee received only about 20 responses. "The response was generally good," she said, "leaning towards a festival. The criticism was strongly leaning towards less speakers and more entertainment."

"We have been putting out information steadily to the community since early January about what we were going to do," she added. "I have a real problem with people who choose to demonstrate their anger a week or two before the event."

But Madge Kaplan, another protester at the festival, questioned the effectiveness of the

Continued on page 2



Susan D. Fleischmann

The 1984 Boston Lesbian/Gay Pride march gets underway.

Koch Abandons Anti-Bias Ban

By Bob Nelson

NEW YORK — A dispute between Mayor Ed Koch and the New York Catholic archbishop, John O'Connor, over the city's executive order prohibiting anti-gay discrimination by city subcontractors was temporarily resolved when both sides agreed last week to submit the question to a state court for a decision. By agreeing to turn the matter over to the courts, Koch ignored the opinion of the city's legal counsel and backed off from supporting his own executive order 50.

The agreement announced by Mayor Koch provides that religious groups that do business with the city but object to the anti-discrimination provision can circumvent it by joining the lawsuit. Gay activists said the city is giving religious groups preferential treatment by allowing them to continue providing services without observing the order.

"Koch has taken the political power of Catholics into account, but he's doing himself a great disservice by discounting the political power of the lesbian and gay community," said Tim Sweeney, executive director of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund. Sweeney added that the mayor had promised to "vigorously defend" the executive order but "I doubt he'll do that." Both Mayor Koch and archdiocese counsel John Hale predicted victory in the suit, which could take months to resolve.

Executive order 50, issued by the mayor in 1980, provides that agencies doing business with the city must sign a contract including a pledge that they will not discriminate in their own hiring policies. The city had refused in March to renew child-care contracts totalling \$4.5 million with the Salvation Army, which said it had religious objections to the order. But under the agreement announced by the mayor, the Salvation Army will continue to provide services without observing the anti-discrimination language pending the court's decision.

About 15 to 20 Catholic child-care agencies have contracts with

the city that expire June 30 and total some \$76 million. In an interview with a Catholic weekly, Archbishop O'Connor said that the church could tolerate homosexual orientation, but that homosexual activity was forbidden by Catholic teaching.

O'Connor said homosexuals were a "hurting people" but that the church had "no right to ignore them in justice and charity." The New York Archdiocese currently sponsors a group of celibate homosexuals called Courage, which one gay Catholic activist likened to a "homosexuals anonymous."

"I'm very much disturbed by this announcement," said the activist, Andy Humm, a spokesperson for the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights. "Ed's trying to have it both ways. He should have said the archdiocese had to sign the order, then withdrawn the contracts when it refused and let them take the city to court."

Prior to his announcement, Mayor Koch told a group of about 450 lesbians and gay men at a garden party celebrating the opening of the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center here that questions over the constitutionality of executive order 50 had come up after the Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, had struck down another order, #53, providing that ten percent of city-sponsored construction work go to minority contractors. The mayor said he would refer executive order 50 to the city's legal counsel, Frederick A.O. Schwartz, for an opinion.

The counsel's brief, which incorporated points made in a legal memo from Lambda Legal Defense, found that the executive order was indeed constitutional and enforceable. "To pull back from efforts to combat discrimination when there are respectable arguments to maintain bans on discrimination (including a ban on discrimination based on sexual orientation and affectional preference which is an important issue of freedom)... would set the wrong example," concluded the brief.

New Strategy Tried Against Georgetown

By Jim Ryan

WASHINGTON, DC — The Gay Activist Alliance (GAA) has called on the mayor and the city council to amend a revenue bonds bill in such a way as to prevent non-profit institutions that violate the city Human Rights Act from receiving funds from city bond issuances.

GAA became interested in the D.C. Non-Profit Organizations Revenue Bond Act of 1984 when it learned that Georgetown University would be one of the beneficiaries. Georgetown is seeking \$50 million generated from a tax-exempt bond to finance student housing. In April 1980, two gay and lesbian student organizations sued the university when it denied them official recognition.

In October 1983, D.C. Superior Court Judge Sylvia Bacon decided the University had violated the Human Rights Act and engaged in discrimination. But Bacon ruled that, in the absence of federal legislation protecting the rights of gay men and lesbians, the University's First Amendment religious privileges overrode the right of the District of Columbia to ban discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. The student groups have appealed Bacon's decision to

the U.S. Court of Appeals.

GAA approached city councilmember John Wilson and asked that an amendment be added to the bill that would guarantee that no institution that engaged in discrimination would benefit from the city bonds. Wilson agreed, promising that the Council "will not move any bond issue until the question of discrimination against the Georgetown student groups is resolved."

On June 18, GAA president Steve Smith testified before the Committee on Finance and Revenue, as did representatives of the university. Smith was warmly received, while university lawyer Charles Wilson was grilled by councilmembers Charlene Drew Jarvis and Betty Ann Kane. Smith feels that most of the city council is behind the amendment.

Mayor Marion Barry, however, has been noncommittal, though pressure to support the amendment is growing and coming not only from GAA, but also from the Women's Legal Defense Fund, Americans for Democratic Action, and the Hughes-Roosevelt Democratic Club. The issue will prove to be an important litmus test for Barry, whose commitment

to the gay and lesbian community was called into question last week, following the censorship of a Pride Week art show in the District Building and a backroom deal that denied the community a representative in the District's delegation to the Democratic Convention.

Even if Barry agrees to support the amendment, there is the possibility of congressional interference. Because the District has only limited home rule, any legislation enacted by the council and signed by the mayor can be overturned by either house of Congress, the fate of the 1981 sodomy law reform bill. Recent articles in the Washington Post have criticized Georgetown's uncanny ability to lobby members of Congress for legislation of particular benefit to the university.

If the amended legislation is enacted and goes unchallenged by Congress, it is considered unlikely that the university will alter its position on the student groups in order to receive the money. "But," as Ron Bogard, one of the lawyers representing the student groups points out, "they will have had to pay a price for their bigotry where it hurts — in the pocket-book."

Hearings Held for Local Rights Ordinances

By Larry Goldsmith

BOSTON — More than 40 people, representing political, social service, civil liberties and religious organizations, appeared at a meeting of the Boston City Council Human Resources Committee on June 14 to testify in favor of a comprehensive human rights ordinance sponsored by District 8 City Councillor David Scondras (see *GCN*, Vol. 11, No. 47).

Many of those testifying were lesbians and gay men who spoke of personal experience of discrimination based on their sexual preference, a form of discrimination specifically prohibited by the Scondras ordinance. Kevin Cathcart, executive director of Boston's Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders (GLAD), told the Committee his organization currently represents four Boston residents who have been the victims of such discrimination. Two of the four, according to Cathcart, are people who faced employment discrimination because they are gay; the other two are gay men who have filed complaints with the Boston Police Department Internal Affairs Division in connection with incidents "involving police violence against gay men, incidents that took place

penalizes all of us I think by denying society the best use of all of its members."

Fred Mandel, Massachusetts Department of Education attorney who volunteered his time to help draft the ordinance, recounted a particularly ironic personal experience of discrimination by his former employer — the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination. Mandel told the committee he was harassed by his boss and "driven out" after he was found out to be gay. The MCAD under current statute does not include sexual preference discrimination in its jurisdiction.

Dermot Meagher, a Boston attorney who served in the Flynn Administration's Public Safety transition task force, testified that the executive order issued by Mayor Flynn in January, prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sexual preference, has had little actual effect on city departments.

"There's still psychological screening in the police and fire departments for sexual preference, which under the mayor's order is irrelevant," Meagher noted. "If it's irrelevant, why is it examined?"

Boston

outside of gay bars." Passage of the ordinance, Cathcart said, "would mean a large step forward for the civil rights of lesbians and gay men and everyone who lives in the city of Boston."

Karen Hudner, legislative lobbyist for the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, said her organization supports the ordinance "as part of our continuing opposition to discrimination in any form.... Discrimination

Other organizations represented at the hearing included the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination, the Boston Committee, the Urban League of Eastern Massachusetts, the Poor Peoples' United Fund, the Massachusetts Gay Political Caucus, Service Employees' International Union Local 285, the Disabled People's Liberation Front, the Mental Patients' Liberation Front, the Boston Lesbian and Gay Political Alliance

By Larry Goldsmith

CAMBRIDGE, MA — Nearly 20 residents of this city came to a hearing of the City Council Ordinance Committee on June 19 to testify on behalf of human rights ordinances submitted by Councillors Alfred Vellucci and Alice Wolf.

Vellucci's ordinance, submitted to the council on April 23, and

Wolf, whose ordinance is modelled on a similar ordinance currently under consideration in Boston and is significantly more detailed than Vellucci's, prefaced her remarks with a plea for cooperation.

"This is not a turf issue between any of us," she told the committee, "including Councillor Vellucci

accidentally omitted, he said.

The Rev. Bob Wheatly, a 35-year resident of the city who currently serves as the director of the Unitarian-Universalist Office of Lesbian and Gay Concerns in Boston, described a long record of service to the city of Cambridge, including the directorships of the Cambridge Council on Aging and the Cambridge Committee of Elders.

"I mention these things not with any intent to boast," Wheatly said, "but with a distinct sense of pride of accomplishment, for it was work I loved doing and tried to do well — but with a very clear fear during those years of service that I might lose or might not ever have gotten the opportunities to do those things had it become known that I was, through it all, a homosexual."

Elizabeth Brown, co-chair of the Cambridge Lesbian and Gay Alliance (CLAGA) and a member of the executive board of Dignity/Boston, criticized a recent statement by the Catholic Bishops of Massachusetts in opposition to statewide lesbian and gay rights legislation.

Others testifying on behalf of the ordinance included representatives of the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination, the Cambridge Commission on Disabled Persons, the Cambridge Women's Commission, the Cambridge Civil Association, the Massachusetts Office of Handicapped Affairs, Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders, the National Organization for Women, and a spokesperson for Mark Govoni, candidate for the state senate seat currently held by Michael LoPresti.

The ordinance was referred for further action to the city council, whose next meeting is scheduled for June 25.

Cambridge

Wolf's ordinance, submitted on June 4, each call for the creation of a city Human Rights Commission, although the two proposals differ in details of the makeup and purpose of the commission, as well as the protections offered. Although Wolf and Vellucci have both said they will work cooperatively to combine their ordinances, Vellucci took the opportunity at the beginning of the hearing to complain that his ordinance has been ignored, while Wolf's has received a good deal of attention.

and Dignity/Boston.

A representative from the Christian Science Church was the only person to speak against the ordinance. The Christian Science Church, he said, recommended an amendment providing an "outright exemption of churches" from the requirements of the ordinance. That church is currently the object of a \$1 million lawsuit filed by Christine Madsen, a veteran reporter and editor for the *Christian Science Monitor* who was fired after her supervisor discovered she was a lesbian.

Scondras told *GCN* the ordinance will now go to the city council for debate and a vote. The council could take action as early as its next meeting, on Wednesday, June 27, at 1 p.m.

ci and myself, because civil rights is not a turf issue. We can all of us work together in this city for civil rights."

Wolf's ordinance includes specific protections against discrimination based on sexual preference, while Vellucci's does not. An aide to Vellucci, however, told *GCN* that Vellucci supports specific protections for lesbians and gay men and had in fact included sexual preference in another draft of his ordinance. The phrase appeared to have been

Pride

Continued from page 1

Pride Committee's outreach.

"If they had done all this outreach, then a lot of people wouldn't have been caught off guard," Kaplan said.

Levine said the Pride Committee just broke even with the revenue from the gate added to money paid by sponsors, advertisers and organizations that rented table space. And Levine still had words of support for the festival format: "Changing to a format like that and a budget like that allowed us to bring in a really good political speaker and some really good lesbian and gay music."

News Notes

quote of the week

"Gay liberation — a politics of social transformation informed by our sexuality — remains an essential part of the gay movement, but it is an illusion to believe that it represents all homosexuals, even all open homosexuals. Rather, it needs to be recognized as a possibility offering the broader movement a direction and a vision beyond the logic of the next step, the next fundraiser, the next endorsement. That gay conservatives will celebrate Stonewall; an uprising of the very street people they distance themselves from, is, after all, no more ironic than the hypocries of the Daughters of the American Revolution. We need to remember that gay liberation means more than writing a check — or even marching down Fifth Avenue once a year. It represents an attempt to work out seriously the requirements for a society in which we would seek, not to join the privileged, but to extend privilege to everyone."

— Dennis Altman, "Is the Gay Movement Going Blind?" *New York Native*, June 18, 1984.

fenway murder

BOSTON — A man walking through the West Fens on the evening of June 15 was fatally stabbed by an unknown assailant, according to Deputy Supt. Jack Barry of the Boston Police Department.

Michael Helyon, a resident of Park Drive, was found lying on the sidewalk near the bridge at Boylston Street by a passer-by about 9:20 p.m. He was pronounced dead around midnight.

Asked if the attack appeared to be specifically anti-gay, Barry replied: "That's hard to say because there's so damn much robbery there." Barry said, however, that it appeared Helyon had not been robbed. There were no witnesses to the attack, and the murder weapon has not been found. Barry suggested that anyone with information about the incident contact Det. Peter O'Malley at (617) 247-4470.

District 8 City Councillor David Scondras, a Fenway resident who represents the area, told *GCN* he plans to call a meeting in the near future for residents of the West Fens to discuss the murder and decide how to deal with increasing violence in the area.



WILMINGTON, MA — Seventy-one demonstrators, including Citizens' Party presidential candidate Sonia Johnson, were arrested on Monday, June 18 during a legal picket and civil disobedience action at the AVCO Systems Division, maker of component parts for cruise, MX and Pershing missiles. The day before, 600 people marched to a rally where Johnson, Dave Dellinger and other anti-war activists addressed the crowd.

According to Judy Freiwrth of the Campaign to Stop the Euromissiles, some 300 armed police, including a canine unit, gathered on Monday morning to prevent those among the 300 peace marchers who participated in the civil disobedience from gaining access to the plant grounds. Three demonstrators were bitten by police dogs and a number of them sustained bruises from excessive force (pictured above) applied by both local and state cops. Freiwrth said the Campaign is considering legal action against the cops.

All of the arrested protesters were charged with trespass, but a judge dismissed the charges against six women and one man when he became frustrated because they would not give the court their real names. The women all called themselves Sojourner Truth while the man selected the simple John Doe. The remaining 64 return to court in July and August.

they have lists

WASHINGTON, DC — The U.S. Customs Service is developing computerized "target lists" of thousands of individuals who repeatedly receive pornographic material from foreign countries, according to *USA Today*. The lists will be offered to local law enforcement agencies "to provide leads in child sexual abuse cases," according to Customs Commissioner William von Raab.

"We have been quite surprised at the occasional coincidences that recipients of large volumes and frequent shipments of child pornography often live across from public playgrounds or are on the staffs of child daycare centers and that sort of thing," said von Raab.

The American Civil Liberties Union, however, takes a dim view of Customs' lists of pornography buffs. Burt Neuborne, legal director of the ACLU in New York, said the listkeeping is "flatly unconstitutional." Neuborne added, "The most dangerous thing any society can do is keep a list of who reads what."

Included on the list will be persons convicted of "sex offenses" as well as repeat recipients of pornography — some of whom have been convicted of receiving pornographic materials, but others who have never been charged with a crime.

The names of more than 2000 people who have received foreign shipments of pornography through the Chicago mail depot have already been entered into the Customs Service computers, while New York customs officials have about 4000 names to add.

Informal federal-local task forces that would make use of the information have been set up in New York and Denver, with another being planned for Seattle.

new york gay/lesbian bar association

NEW YORK — The New York Law Group announces the formation of the Bar Association for Human Rights of Greater New York (BAHR-GNY), a professional association for the lesbian and gay legal community of the New York metropolitan area. BAHR-GNY will pursue a full range of legal activities, including provision of legal services to people with AIDS, educational programs and social events for its members, providing information about gay and lesbian legal service providers, and participation in community events. For more information, call interim chairperson Arthur Leonard at (212) 431-2156 (days).

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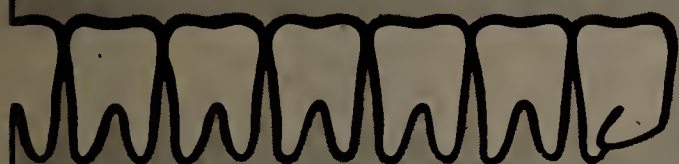
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Community Voices

paying for it

Dear *GCN*,

I must respond to the comments berating the very reasonable \$1.00 fee to the Gay Pride Festival. It is certainly true that these are hard times and many of us have little to spare — yet each of us sets their own priorities. We manage to buy a couple of beers at the bar. We go to a movie and support straight industry. We donate towards a gift for a co-worker who doesn't even know we are gay. For me, Gay Pride events become a priority.

Events such as the festival cost much to organize and advertise — in time, energy and money. I'm sure that someone who didn't have the money and really wanted to participate could have made a work exchange agreement.

While I was waiting in line to be admitted, a man in front of me told the ticket person he couldn't pay. He was allowed in anyway. One could also hear the music and speeches standing just outside the fence.

I would like to express my appreciation to the Gay Pride organizers and workers who help make it, after ten years, still exciting to participate in the march and the events of the entire week. Without such folks, much of the gay community would be isolated, uneducated, and back in the closets. Keep creating.

Thank you,
Seja Joyce
Natick, MA

one healthy book

Dear *GCN*,

Charley Shively's review of the books available about AIDS in the 6/16/84 issue made a serious mistake (while providing a wonderful analysis of the current literature). He did make the dramatic and well taken point that most of the current books are the epitome of "media nonsense." However, he buried his positive review of Ken Mayer and Hank Pizer's "AIDS FACT BOOK" in the middle of the article and makes no mention in the final paragraph of this one "brief, concise, sensible and easily readable book."

GCN's editors contributed to this mistake by choosing to print 5 book covers, not to mention the week's "morbid" cover, and none of them are of the Mayer/Pizer book. I think its cover should have been reproduced and clearly marked as the *one* healthy book and the only one about which Charles Shively had only good to report.

Let's make sure the good information gets through!!

Sincerely,
Barbara Beltrand
Cambridge, MA

no more fences

Dear *GCN*,

This was my first Pride march: it was terrific. There is no question that the march is all about pride, how we feel about ourselves. If at no other time during the year, on that particular day, we feel the spirit of the community, the power of being out and visible, the joy of being gay and lesbian people, and the affirmation which comes from simply being surrounded by so many of "us."

There was a different feeling, for me, about the rally. I did not like being fenced off, herded into a small compound which quickly became very crowded. Last year, we took over the entire Commons, and it was a magnificent display: there, for the straight, mainstream Boston community to see at all times, were thousands of celebrating people. This year, we were invisible — a forced separation of straight and non-straight. True, no one insisted that we go inside, and many people did not. But the idea of the fence, the psychology behind it, is to me the antithesis of gay and lesbian pride, of the need to be out and visible. NO MORE FENCES. After all, is that not also the meaning behind the slogan, NEVER AGAIN, which is written over the inverted pink triangle.

I appreciate that the members of the Pride committee intended to raise money through donations; the idea of using some of that money to contribute to the finances of other (Rainbow coalition) organizations is of merit. But to use as a means of collecting money a gay/lesbian gated compound is exclusionary, divisive, and not terribly empowering.

Next year, let's be free.

Joan L. Press

Waltham, MA

No Friends In Idaho?

This week our "Pick Up A Friend for *GCN*" program has found us new subscribers in Louisiana, Illinois, Georgia, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. But *nothing* from Utah, Tennessee or Oregon. C'mon, we need more new friends, and we need you to help us! If you need more subscription envelopes, don't be shy, just let us know.

Thanks.

More Goodbyes

This issue will be the first one without David Morris' name somewhere on the masthead. Starting out as a Friday night folder, David has served as local reporter, news editor, and most recently features editor. David is returning to his native Texas. We will miss him.

GCN's board of directors is also saying goodbye to a long-term member of the board. Bob Andrews, who served on the board longer than anyone else, will be devoting (even more) time and energy on behalf of the AIDS Action Committee. He too will be missed.

"heterosexually oriented"?

Dear *GCN*,

My reaction after reading your newspaper for the first time is total shock!

Being heterosexually oriented I am outraged at the system which openly supports civil infringements and tunnel vision bigotry worn by its officials and bureaucracy with a saccharin sweet smirk.

My inclination toward seeking out an attractive, exciting, interested female for a night of extracurricular stimulation is no more Holy than that of a Gay with a taste for a virile, tender male.

Oppression of any kind is a mockery of our most fundamental beliefs. I enlisted in the Marine Corps with the fire of patriotism burning in my veins, and now serve time in a prison as a result of my wrongdoing. What bugs me is the number of people willing to walk all over other people's human rights here in the land of the free.

Dignity, compassion, understanding, and respect are, although just words, still components of humanity. . . . Guess what? Gays are an integral part of humanity.

If it had not crossed my mind to experiment in the area of homosexuality I would not be so upset!

An ex-president's nephew who used to abuse me on the scrabble board used to joke with me and say, "Goddamn Waco, after over 20 some odd years of being a tough guy I suck one dick and all of a sudden I'm a punk?"

I laughed like hell, but lord didn't he hit the nail bang on the head?!

Seems to me that Gay is just another word for love. When did we get so much that we can afford to throw some away just because it doesn't happen to be our brand?

Maybe it's just because I've always been in love with being in love but that special feeling whether it comes from a man or a woman makes life worth living.

Perhaps there is someone out there who would care to correspond with me who can offer explanations, advice and maybe even friendship and affection if they are not extinct commodities. Hell, I'll even settle for postcards with dirty jokes.

In closing, your cause is both just and honorable. Whether or not I choose to cross the street to play, I shall try to always honor your right to the pursuit of happiness.

In Open Admiration,
Lonnie J. Shelly
C-31187 Rm 3113
PO Box A-E
San Luis Obispo, CA 93409

love and pride

Dear *GCN*,

My apprehensions about marching in my first pride parade proved to be as foolish and groundless as I had hoped they would. The friends I went with luckily chose to march behind the Boston Lesbian and Gay Political Alliance.

My sincere thanks to Al and the other (sorry, I didn't catch your name) cheerleading coach who enthusiastically led the group, and to the group itself. Your laughter, love and pride was infectious. You got to me and made me smile. And proud. And that's what it's all about, I guess.

Suddenly, I realize that Greek general was right: An army of lovers *will not* fail.

You guys and the weather made it a beautiful day to be out. Thanks again.

Peace,
Joe Giblis
Norwood, MA

Gay Community News welcomes letters to Community Voices. **If at all possible, your letters should be TYPED AND DOUBLE SPACED and kept to three pages (or less!) in length.**

visibility at greenham

Dear *GCN*,

On May 12th forty women cut their way through fences, barbed wire, and razor wire towards the silos at the U.S. Army Base at Greenham Common. The military government and press have been downplaying the number of security breaches at this facility by arresting only a few women and releasing the rest. These women, in the Visibility Action, each stated, "I cut the fence with 25 other women." Many, nevertheless, were released without charge. The first women released returned to the original point of entry and began cutting again before they last of the others had been processed. Some of the women were apprehended three times before being arrested.

In order to highlight the situation of the military's tactics of denying the continued, persistent entrance of women into the base, these women have refused to post bail. Twenty-one of them are in Halloway Prison. One of the women, Sally, stated, "I am taking this action as a protest against the deployment of Cruise missiles at USAF Base Greenham."

One U.S. citizen participated in the action, Alessandra Nichols, a Spinster (Spinsters Opposed to Nuclear Genocide); her account of the action, sent from Halloway Prison, follows:

"So, what happened — how did I get here? I'm feeling a bit cloudily — don't know what I can and can't say. Where to begin? Being visible is important. I wanted to make this statement for all of us who are working for freedom and who are continually made invisible. The few days before were the most emotionally trying for me. At the first action there must have been around 40 women including support and photographers. It was at mid-day — we each had our own cutters and went to it trying to reach the silo fence — I had sunflower and nasturtium seeds with me, but in the confusion I forgot to plant them. (I finally did at the police station in the base! but not with the care intended. . . . I was being dragged about at the time!) The soldiers and police, both British and American, began arriving almost immediately, but we had plenty of time to do our work. One woman actually got through the second row of barbed wire and was stopped by dogs and soldiers. Many cutters were grabbed from us through the wire — the police who grabbed me twisted my arms behind my back and bent my ring finger on itself to inflict pain so I wouldn't resist. Many women were dragged behind vehicles out of view of cameras and then hit and kicked! Twenty-six women were taken plus three photographers and two supporters (that I know of — probably more) and all charged with Criminal Damage, even though some were either trying to prevent camerawomen from getting arrested or just *standing* there! It took between 8 and 13 hours to process us. The first group was sent to Newbury Police Station, charged and released when they refused police bail with stipulation they could later be summoned. The rest were released at the gates with no charges. . . . but pending further inquiries. But before all were released at around 3 a.m. the first group was already back being processed again — we heard about it on the radio in the police van while being held in cramped and cold conditions from five to seven hours!

At one point some women got out of the van to get air and room and talk to women at the gate, during which one woman was grabbed by a policeman, pushed into the van out of view, and punched in the face! Throughout the early hours and all day Sunday, women continued to return two and three times, and *still* photographers were nicked! Both times I admitted to what I did, gave my name and Greenham address, and insisted on a property receipt for two cutters — and no other info. While waiting, I would usually talk to policemen and women about what I was doing and what they were doing. On two occasions, they were clearly affected! By around 3:30 p.m. I was at Newbury nick (lock-up) — most of us refused bail (about 21 women). We were held in various police stations till the next day when they brought us to Court; we had a ten minute meeting with a barrister — and I was the first. Many supporters there — only room for a dozen in the courtroom — Maya, Ruth, Helen and Lynn were there!! Lynn decided not to leave because of all this. She was one of the photographers nicked — first time around! Those of us without previous convictions were expecting unconditional bail, but alas! we were not given — told we could not return to the camp — most of us refused (maybe 20) and are being held till the 22nd of May, when we will have a review of bail conditions. Some women are in till the 26th — weren't given bail. Our barrister is now appealing the conditions of bail. Everyone was shocked at the decisions. We sang, "We who believe in freedom" as we were dragged from the Court to a holding cell. Most of us were together until we were transported in the wagon to here — strange feeling, looking out the small window, most people on the street not knowing we were there — feeling invisible again.

You can write to women at the camp at: Magnificent Women's Peace Camp, Greenham Common, Newbury, Berkshire, England.

Theresa Carr
New Haven, CT

Gay Community News

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REFLECTIONS
ON

STONE WALL

1969-1984



BLACKBURN

Stonewall. A riot 15 years ago by a ragtag bunch of drag queens, butch dykes, and other "unacceptable" types. How did an anarchistic outbreak of violence in response to routine police harassment become the symbol for a political movement that now claims conservative elected officials along side sex radicals and Castro clones?

Of course, there is no simple political or historical answer. But something in Stonewall and the oral tradition that surrounds it provide an eternal optimism and spunk to all the various projects of lesbian and gay liberation. This supplement celebrates the fifteenth anniversary of the Stonewall Riots by exploring how people took a single moment and transformed it into a personal rallying point.



A World for Living and Growing

By Nancy Wechsler

The most recent wave of the gay liberation movement, while not responsible for anything as dramatic as saving my life — is responsible, or so I have always believed, for my sanity. You must understand that I went to public school at a time when girls were to be girls, and boys were to be boys. A time when dresses or skirts were mandatory, when girls were supposed to care about how they looked and care about what boys thought of them. I fudged it through elementary school by wearing pants under my skirts — but by sixth grade that was getting a bit tough. By seventh grade there was no way I could pull it off. I settled for changing right after school, into more comfortable clothes I kept in my gym locker.

As soon as I learned to talk and walk (around 2, I am told), I engaged my parents in constant battles over what I was willing to wear, and how I would or would not behave. In a world where girls were expected to be cute, feminine and less athletic than their brothers, I was as good at most sports as any of the boys in my neighborhood (except for my across-the-street neighbor, David, who beat me in both baseball and football and went on to get a college athletic scholarship). I walked tough, played rough with the boys and whatever girls would play. I engaged in spitting competitions with my neighbors.

While part of me thought I might grow up and get married, I wondered how I would ever survive in a world where women wore dresses and makeup. Would I go through some magical transformation? Would I wake up one day feeling comfortable in a skirt?

As the years went by, I realized that no such transformation was taking place. I pictured myself growing up to be the only woman who wore pants all her life. Though I could not imagine giving in to societal pressures, neither could I project the shape my life would take. At an early age I made a \$25 wager with my aunt that I would never wear makeup. Many years later, she conceded, I had won the bet.

Those early pre-women's liberation, pre-gay liberation days were difficult. Feeling alone, isolated, ugly, and an outcast with other outcasts as my friends — those years took their toll. Not one day passed that I was not harassed as I walked to school or the local 7-11 store. Catcalls and chants of "Are you a boy or a girl?" hounded me constantly. People — nasty, hostile, mean people — made fun of me every day.

And while I "felt up" another girl in the back seat of our family station wagon, and pined away over women movie actresses (Julie Christie and Geraldine Chaplain particularly caught my eye in *Dr. Zhivago*), it didn't occur to me that I was a lesbian. (Though I think my mother had her fears, but never mentioned them to me until I brought it up years later.) In the pre-Stonewall days of my elementary and secondary school years, I'm not sure I knew lesbians existed. In high school, I discussed Camus, Kafka, Shakespeare, the Vietnam War and the Civil Rights Movement with my close friends (other school "outcasts," many of whom also later came out), but we didn't manage to help each other realize we were queer. We lacked the necessary information about sex, and lived in a community that would not have enthusiastically received our desires. Mostly we suppressed our sexual desires — I channeled mine into athletics, while my friends devoted themselves to Drama Club or school work. We repressed our sexuality for years.

I could not shake the feeling that possibly something was wrong with me. I had grown up listening to my mother expound on the wonders of sex, how it was one of the most beautiful things in the world. (When at an early age I asked her about masturbation, she smiled and told me — "Oh, everyone does that, it's fine.") In such a "liberated" family, what was my problem? I could not imagine feeling the joy of sexual excitement that my mother described. When I finally did sleep with some men, it was at best boring, at worst, physically painful. My mother's words rang in my head as I lay on my back (of course); dry, in pain, wishing it were over. That year I slept with men was the only time in my life that I got up out of bed early in the morning — anything to limit the possibility of having to have more sex. No relationship lasted more than two to three months.

I had tried sex, and it was unsatisfying. I had failed.

In September, 1970, I picked up a book called *Sisterhood is Powerful*, edited by Robin Morgan. Although it contained very little lesbian content, it didn't really take much to open my eyes. I was a lesbian. I sought out all other literature of the early women's and gay movements (including *Woman Identified Woman*, an early pamphlet by New York Radicalesbians); joined a women's consciousness raising group, and a few years later joined a lesbian group. Finally I felt part of a larger movement challenging the sex role stereotyping and confinement that had plagued me. I was no longer alone. I

no longer worried that something was terribly wrong with me.

• • •

I don't remember hearing about Stonewall. But I do remember the very beginnings of gay activism in Ann Arbor. An open lesbian ran for student government, I believe on a radical slate (but my memory is fuzzy about that). A gay liberation front (GLF) was formed, and later some lesbians split to form their own group — Radicalesbians (RL), after the group by that name in New York. A few years later some women started the Gay Awareness Women's Collective (GAWK) which I joined. GAWK organized consciousness raising groups, did public outreach and educationals around lesbianism, and participated in demonstrations.

In those early years I didn't experience the clash between the left and the gay movement or women's movement that many other feminists had. It was actually through the left group I belonged to that I first met openly gay people and attended gay liberation demonstrations.

My leftist friends from that time, many of whom remain friends and politically active today (unlike the "radicals" who are portrayed in *The Big Chill* and *The Secaucus Seven*), immediately chose to join in and support the rebelliousness and spunkiness of the gay movement. A picket line was a picket line, oppression was oppression, and challenging societal norms was what both the early gay movement and the New Left were about. Many of those friends were outcasts in their own ways, and I think that allowed them to identify with gay people and gay liberation in some deep ways.

The two demonstrations I remember most distinctly were pickets: one in front of the local sleazy gay bar for discriminating against men in drag, and the second in front of the University President's house while he was holding a tea for alumnae. We picketed President Flemming's house because he had refused to allow the local gay group to hold a statewide gay conference in a university building. I remember that some of my (straight) friends, who had alumnae cards, went inside and confronted Flemming in front of his other guests, while the rest of us raised hell outside. I also remember that our left group offered to get conference space in our name and turn it over to the GLF. This was all in the late '60s and early '70s. The exact dates elude me.

I remember feeling incredibly relieved to

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Remembering Stonewall

By Bill Kreidler

I slept through Stonewall. Well, I didn't exactly sleep through it, I just wasn't quite awake. I didn't even know the riot had taken place until more than a year later. For one thing, as far as I know, it was never reported in the *Albany Times Union*. I suppose that between ads for Macy's and laudatory stories about something called Spiro Agnew, there just wasn't room for a story about drag queens and other assorted marginal types throwing beer bottles in a New York City pervert bar. Anyway, with one thing and another, I didn't even know that anything had happened, much less that anything had changed.

I was raised on a farm outside of Albany, New York, and the Stonewall riot took place in June of my junior year in High School. At that time, I was happily involved in the peace movement, doing all the things that political teenagers did in the late sixties: marching in demonstrations, carrying petitions door to door, tutoring poor black children, getting high and trying to get the car on Friday nights. It was all very heady to a hick like me — I had, at the time, all the poise of anyone who has never been anywhere or done anything and most of the time isn't sure who he is. Not only was the tedium of country life alleviated by all this frenzied political activity; I found something in the peace movement that was even more important to my search for some kind of identity. I found role models in the form of those long haired, bearded, bright and earnest leaders of the peace movement. I did more than admire them, I did more than emulate them; I decided to BE them. And, since they were heterosexual — as it happens, it turned out that the ones I knew really were heterosexual — I would be too.

I knew in some vague way that I was homosexual — had "homosexual tendencies" was the way I thought of it. The only person at the time who I knew was gay was my English teacher, Mr. Rothstein. Mr. Rothstein was so obviously gay (meaning effeminate) that everyone — students, parents, everyone — spoke of it as an acknowledged fact. He was also, unfortunately, not a very good teacher. He constantly whined and complained, and if he never had trouble controlling his classes, it was only because his students lived in terror of his bitchy, sarcastic tongue. He was, in short, a real jerk. If I ever considered being gay, which I did not, the living, fire-breathing example of Mr. Rothstein was enough to send me scampering for comfortable, heterosexual cover. That cover had less to do with overt sexuality than it did with behavior. I carefully scrutinized myself for signs of Rothstein-like behavior and mannerisms. I sometimes got feedback that I was teetering too close to the edge, and so learned to keep myself tightly reigned in.

That summer I lost my virginity. I was in Albany one day and met a man in Washington Park. He took me home to his apartment on Lark Street, got me high, one thing led to another, and that was that. I thought it was wonderful and even determined to try it again, but I also never doubted for a minute that when, on some misty future date, I became that person I had decided to be, I would do it no longer. I filed the experience away in some separate compartment of my personality, and thought very little about it. I was well on my way to developing that peculiar kind of schizophrenia that closeted people develop — "Yes, I'm doing this, but it isn't really me doing it, so it's okay for now, and some day I'm going to get around to putting an end to it."

The following year was one of the happiest of my life. I had friends, I was busy doing more and more peace work, and every three weeks or so, I would meet someone in the Trailways bus station or Washington Park and get laid. If I was confused about my sexual identity, and of course I was, that confusion was quickly pushed aside as the other horizons of my life expanded at a dizzying rate. Then, the next summer I went to New York City, which was a two and a half hour bus ride from Albany and cost, in those days, three dollars and seventy five cents round trip. I went by myself, and my sole purpose was to get laid as often as possible.

My first day in New York I was walking down 34th St. and I met Richard. He took me home and I spent a week with him, at the end of which I was head over heels in love. For the first time in my life I felt as if I understood what all those songs on the radio were talking about. Richard was an actor, and led a very hip, glamorous life, and if I was in way over my head, which I was, I didn't care. I was in love with a wonderful man and any implications that had for my life I had put out of my mind.

One warm summer night we were in Greenwich Village, a place I had never been before, and walked past the Firehouse. One of the GAA dances was going on, and the street was filled with gay men holding hands. It was the first time I had ever seen

so many gay men. Richard explained about the dances, told me about the Stonewall Riots a year before, and told me how they had changed the lives of gay men in New York. We, too, held hands as we walked down the street, and I remember thinking two things. I remember thinking how very much I loved him, and I remember looking at the other men and thinking "Look at all the homosexuals holding hands." I was such a ninny that it never occurred to me to ask, "What's wrong with this picture? Why aren't you in it?"

That was the last I heard about Stonewall for some time. Richard's commitment to gay politics was fleeting at best, as was his commitment to everything, including me. The relationship ended several months later, and ended very badly, leaving me emotionally devastated. Now I understood what the other half of the songs on the radio were talking about. I learned two lessons from it, the first being to stay away from actors, a lesson I have never regretted. The second lesson was harder. If this was what being gay meant, if this was what it brought, I wanted nothing more to do with it. I became more determined than ever to become a different person, and the person I wanted to be could not be gay, because that meant he would never be happy.

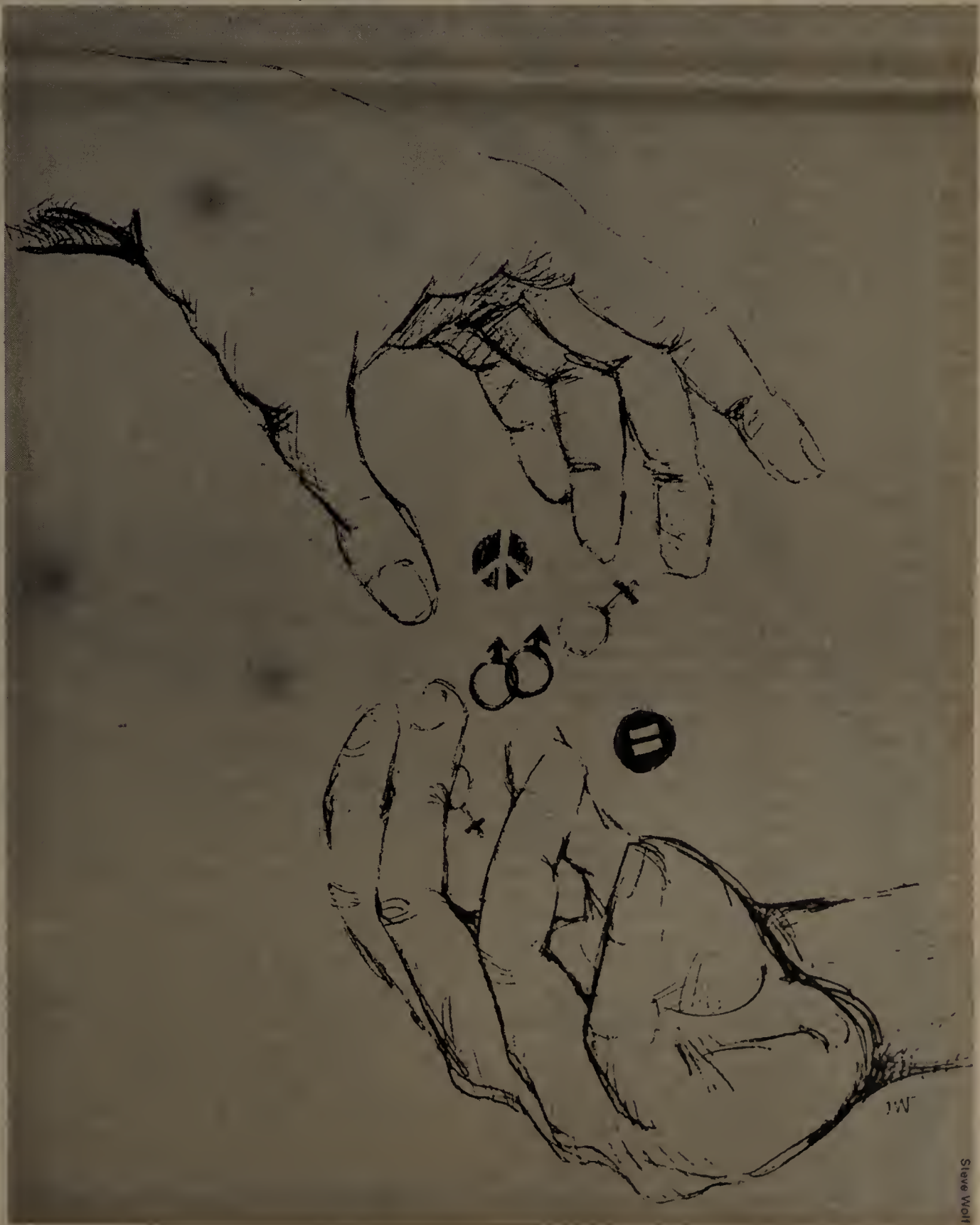
There was more than the end of my relationship with Richard to unsettle me during my first year at college. While I was more or less successful in putting my sexual self to sleep, my political self was receiving several sharp smacks from the radical student movement, which was made of sterner stuff than the kindly peace movement of Albany, New York. I was told that my pacifism was quaint but naive. I was told that only violent revolution would change anything. I was told, although not in so many words, that I did not fit in. And as the peace movement began to dry up and blow away, I lost much of the work that had given my life meaning in the past few years, I lost my role models, and I was in danger of losing (or so I thought) much of the identity I had worked so hard to acquire.

There was a positive development in all this. The women's movement had arrived on campus and was demanding to be taken seriously. At that time it was still called Women's Liberation. It was so new that it wasn't even called Women's Lib. It was also so new that it hadn't begun to make the myriad connections to larger political issues it was to make later. (I remember vividly the discussion I had with a man in my dorm concerning a leaflet I posted that contained the word "sexism." Our entire discussion concerned whether or not "sexism" was a real word.) Mostly what it talked about was the oppressive nature of sex roles, both within and without the radical student movement. And when the women were accused of being too centered on the personal, they replied that the personal was political. Somehow I understood instinctively that what these women were saying was the truth. I understood that I too had been oppressed by sex roles, and though I wasn't able to connect it to my sexuality, I at least knew that sex roles were, in part, behind the censure I had encountered for so long concerning the things I liked to do, and those Rothsteinian slip ups. I became a supporter of the women's movement for no great noble reason. I supported it because I thought it might be a way to get people off my back. As for the idea that the personal was political, I related that more to boycotting the products of defense contractors than anything else. But at least the seed of the idea had been planted, although it was not to sprout in any meaningful way for many years.

It was impossible to be as involved in politics as I was and not know about the gay liberation movement that was arising. I knew about it and said in my ingenuous way that I was all for it, mentally adding, "but not for me." What's more, I really believed that.

My gay life continued in fits and starts, mostly fits. I had several pathetic relationships with women in a vain attempt to be cured of homosex-

Continued on Stonewall Supplement page 6



Steve Wolf

Illness As

By Cindy Patton

Illness is not only an individual experience, it is a cultural metaphor. Next to "the bomb," it may be the primary metaphor of the late 20th century. Although comparison between the human body and the world is as old as human culture, our contemporary obsession with disease has turned metaphor on its head: our notion of the *world* as sick informs our sense of our own illnesses. Once we move beyond the individual's experience of being ill, "disease" becomes a powerful political weapon.

We are so terrorized by germs that we are ready to believe that anyone a little different from ourselves harbors disease. Honest concern about real illness blurs with the need to separate ourselves from people we fear for racist, sexist, and homophobic reasons. We manipulate the category of "disease" to justify genocide, ghettoization, and quarantine. Jews spread the plague; Irish immigrants spread typhoid; prostitutes spread syphilis; drug addicts spread hepatitis; Caribbean boat people spread god-knows-what exotic tropical diseases.

We also have a profound fear of the erotic. Germ phobia combined with erotophobia creates an association between disease and sex. Our ability to express our sexual feelings is sabotaged by our fear of catching something from sex. As teenagers, we were told: "If you have sex, it will ruin your life. You will get pregnant, or you will get VD, which will make you crazy and blind." We are terrified of our own sexual desires: anyone who seems to enjoy an active sex life is labelled obsessed, sick, unable to control themselves. Combined with homophobia, we have a "love that dare not speak its name." Combined with sexism, we have erotic desires that dare not speak at all.

In addition to being a sexuality out of control, homosexuality picks the wrong object, and is "unnatural." Not only do we perform disgusting sexual acts, but we claim ourselves as a movement for social change and challenge the gender-role structure that our society rests on.

Racism also casts blacks, Jews, and Latinos as too close to their sexuality, too passionate, out of control. Indeed, straight WASP men are the only people believed to be in control of their sexuality... and everyone else's for that matter!

In July of 1981, I received a copy of the *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report*. This anonymous note bore only a red arrow, pointing to an article about six gay men in Los Angeles who had died of a rare pneumonia, whose name I didn't even try to pronounce. My political and journalistic curiosities were piqued, and I put a red flag in my mental file for information on this bizarre topic. At this time, my main thought was, "How weird," and I don't think I felt any personal connection to these dead gay men.

Soon, the straight press began to sensationalize the "gay pneumonia" and then the "gay cancer." This jogged my memory, but I was still slow in responding.

As the reports in the mainstream media continued, I began to feel a diffuse anger. I was angry at the press for distorting this illness and making it sound like something you got for being gay. I was angry at homophobic straight people whose immediate response was to insulate themselves from gay people by keeping us out of jobs and denying us services. Right-wing folk stated flat out that AIDS is our punishment — God's own plan to wipe out gay people.

And I was mad at gay men: why had they gotten this disease? I had to challenge my own stereotypes about gay men's sexual practices, and constantly remind myself that sex is not the cause of AIDS. I had a mental picture that the people with AIDS were rich, white, condo queens. But I learned that the people with AIDS come from both genders, and from all racial and class backgrounds. I was angry, too that I was expected to jump up and help them organize, when it was like pulling teeth to turn out ten gay men for an abortion rally.

Perhaps most difficult of all was overcoming a certain bias about political versus non-political people: I discovered that I had somehow come to believe that activists are not subject to sexually transmitted diseases. In part, that came from a desire to distance myself from death by believing that the men I knew would be exempted from AIDS. But more fundamentally, my attitude was part of a larger rift in the lesbian and gay movement. We are not yet free from erotophobia: we are not convinced by our own rhetoric of sexual liberation. Our political organizing can sometimes function as penance for enjoying the sexual freedom we have

fought too hard to win. In our own erotophobic framework, political activist is the mechanism for integrating our sexuality into our lives: mere fucking, even *liberated* fucking is still suspect without a gay liberation membership card.

Even though I could identify all of these parts of my thinking, and ran around discussing AIDS with all of my friends, I still had not really incorporated AIDS into the fabric of my political analysis. I didn't yet *feel* the kind of connection that makes an issue one's own, the kind of identification that makes other people's struggles inextricably linked with one's own... I didn't fully see the political ramifications of AIDS. I still rationalized these deaths by believing that only rampantly gay men of low character got this illness.

The final assault on my consciousness came in the form of a late-night call from a friend in North Carolina. In May, 1983, I learned that my best friend from high school had just died of AIDS. Although I had moved up here, and he had stayed in the South, we always stayed in touch both in letters and through the gay grapevine. We were very much a part of the same community. I felt his death as a personal loss, and as an attack on the very fabric of the community we had both in our own ways, struggled to build. Things came together quickly, though I felt very guilty for not having developed a perfect analysis of AIDS when I first read that clipping two and a half long years ago. I have developed a personal obsession to understand AIDS in the broad context of gay liberation.

The radical right is obsessed with AIDS, and I think we might properly describe their political psychosis as AIDS-phobia. Indeed, AIDS phobia is the coalescing of homophobia, sexism, racism, and our fear of contagion.

The New Right could not have invented a disease more suited to their purposes if they had tried: they already fear the at-risk groups — queers, Haitians, drug users, hookers — for their unnaturalness, their excessive sexuality, their uncleanness, and their anti-family, anti-social behavior. Give all of these people a fatal and mysterious disease and you have the makings of a very powerful backlash.

There has been a distinct shift in New Right pamphlets which is directly connected with AIDS. Where they once talked about "homosexual acts" in veiled, non-specific terms, the new material on AIDS is shockingly descriptive. There is an interesting comment on erotophobia here: in this culture, you are not supposed to think about sex. You are supposed to repress your sexual feelings, and at best, give them play once a year in order to make babies. Anyone who talks about sex is labelled obsessive. Gay people are considered obsessive because we explicitly take our sexuality as part of our identity. Even among liberals you encounter the attitude, "It's okay that you are gay, but why do you have to *flaunt* it?" Flaunting it means talking about it, reminding people of their terrifying sexual desires. Even in gay and lesbian circles, it's okay to talk about sex, but not too much, and certainly not too descriptively.

One of the New Right groups recently formulated a Model Sexuality Bill, which circumscribes a wide range of sexual activity. This and Phyllis Schafly's recent pamphlet ERA-AIDS are the most coherent analysis of the connection — in the New Right's minds — between feminism, gay liberation, and AIDS.

Model Sexuality Bill:

2) Since homosexual acts, whether public or private, tend to promote the separation of the genders and tend to cause public health problems for which all must bear some risk and the consequences of infection [and] for which all must pay, it shall be illegal to engage in any homosexual act that involves the exchange or transfer of any bodily fluid or other substance (e.g. saliva, semen, mucus, excrement, urine) between any two or more persons of the same gender. Further, because the modeling of associating physical harm or distress with sexuality creates a risk of imitation (an appetitive infection), any homosexual act that does not involve the exchange of bodily fluids or substances but incorporates physical harm or the semblance of harm in the sexual act (such as bondage and discipline, sadomasochism) is especially concerning... any person who engages in any of the homosexual acts shall be fined \$1,000 and will be incarcerated for sufficient time for the appropriate medical tests to be performed to assure that the person is disease-free. Such

person may not be released to society unless and until he is free of contagious disease.

New Right literature amply illustrates the way that projecting disease as a metaphor in turn alters our perception of real illness. New Right groups frequently talk about "the cancer of communism," advocating deportation or imprisonment of the "filthy communists" who spread this "red disease." This metaphor has influenced the Moral Majority's perception of AIDS in the gay community:

Moral Majority Report, July, 1983:

In short, what gays do to each other makes them sick, and more and more frequently, dead! But even more alarmingly, what gays do to each other has begun to spread the diseases they carry to exponentially increasing numbers of defenseless heterosexuals whose only mistake was to need a blood transfusion, to decide to eat in a certain restaurant, or to secretly choose a bi-sexual mate.

Because homosexuals are "obsessive" and can't control ourselves, the government must step in to save innocent lives. Daniel Villanueva, President of the American Family Association recently sent out a fundraising letter with a petition to Surgeon General Koop, calling for the quarantine of all homosexuals. His letter, in part, reads:

Dear Family Member,

Since AIDS is transmitted primarily by perverse homosexuals, your name on my national petition to quarantine all homosexual establishments is crucial to your family's health and security... If you want your family's health and security protected, those AIDS carrying homosexuals must be quarantined immediately... These disease carrying deviants wander the streets unconcerned, possibly making *you* their next victims. What else can you expect from sex-crazed degenerates but selfishness?

But it is not simply that right wingers are afraid of getting AIDS: they are at much greater risk from automobile accidents and heart attacks, things which do not incite similar terror. Ordinarily, they can keep their noses in their hate literature, and ignore the fact that they are in close proximity with people they hate — blacks, gays, Jews, drug users, *foreigners*. With so much public attention on AIDS the real omnipresence of "the other", is inescapable, and their fear and hatred is channeled into a campaign to quarantine or destroy politically defined groups of people.

Clem Muller and Paul Cameron, two doctors from the anti-gay Dallas Doctors Against AIDS said, "Such a severe public health concern must cause the citizenry of this country to do everything in their power to smash the homosexual movement in this country to make sure these kinds of acts are criminalized."

Gay people are never more than a glance away from confinement. Sodomy statutes are still on the books in many states, and the Right has long advocated enforcing them, or re-criminalizing homosexual activity in states that have had their sodomy laws struck down. The Model Sexuality Bill, though a long way from passage, is part of this effort.

Weapon



services, political organizations, and meeting places. Our community, while existing physically in many cities and towns, is much more than geographical. Our identity, our "coming out" creates a unique fabric that is different than the bonds in other kinds of communities. Our freedom from oppressive sex roles, especially for lesbians, has allowed us to try alternative ways of forming relationships. If the straight world ever bothered to ask, they would discover that we have developed some pretty good solutions to the age-old conflicts about independence and dependence, growing up and growing old, making commitments that are stable and satisfying, but not stultifying.

But with all of this political expertise, we are still not free from the fundamental oppressions that pervade our culture. The classic forms of oppression work themselves out in interesting, and sometimes tragic ways in the context of AIDS organizing.

Perhaps the most glaring example of racism is the common misreading of CDC statistics on racial demographics. Most people assume that all of the blacks are Haitian or IV users, and that all of the gays are white, but this is far from the truth. Blacks and Hispanics are over-represented in the gay AIDS cases, as well. In New York and D.C., AIDS organizers have begun to address the racism in the gay community by holding AIDS forums that specifically deal with the different experiences of black and white gay men with AIDS, as well as discussing strategies for uniting the third world and gay communities around demands for AIDS funding and care.

But smaller communities with less visible third world populations have not yet dealt with the implicit racism in AIDS and the overt racism in the gay community. We have not yet developed a way of identifying and reaching out to the third world gays who may have AIDS-Related Complex or AIDS, but cannot seek medical help in their ethnic community because *they* are afraid of coming out. We need to develop an analysis of health care that points out the similarities between the care of ethnic minorities and gays, and present a united challenge to the medical empire.

AIDS organizing has been based in the gay male community, although an impressive number of straight women, and some lesbians are also involved. Despite the fact that several hundred women have contracted AIDS, the feminist movement at large has yet to take on AIDS as a women's health issue. A Women and AIDS Network was formed at the National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference in Denver last year, but they have encountered difficulty in motivating local, grass-roots organizing. Part of the problem may be that many of the women who have AIDS are IV drug users, prostitutes, or Haitian immigrants, groups of women that the women's movement as a whole has had difficulty incorporating into its program. Most of the discussion by women to date has revolved around how women can support their gay brothers. We must move that dialog to discussing how women with AIDS feel about having a disease which is so widely thought of as a "gay" disease. We need to understand the unique experience of women with AIDS, and begin to build appropriate support networks.

Sexism in the AIDS context also comes in a more subtle form: In our erotophobic, sexist culture, men's sexual feelings and activities are highly articulated. There is a whole language and an entire hanky code that makes finely graded distinctions between a *detumescent* penis and a roaring hard-on, between anal sex and fisting. Women's sexuality is diffuse, non-genital, cuddly — who knows what lesbians do, anyway? Despite our political challenge to sex-roles and gender-identities, in our minds, men are still "active" whether fucking or being fucked; and women are still "passive" whether they engage in "vanilla" sex, or s/m, in which case the top is sick or *imitating men*.

In this context, when you ask gay men to shift to "safe sex," which is usually described as touching, hugging, less genital, you are in essence asking them to have sex like women, to be "passive." This comes as a direct blow to men who have never

really thought about the stereotypes about sexuality. But it comes as a profound sense of loss, of disconnection from the roots of sexual desire, even for men who have intricate analysis about their sexuality.

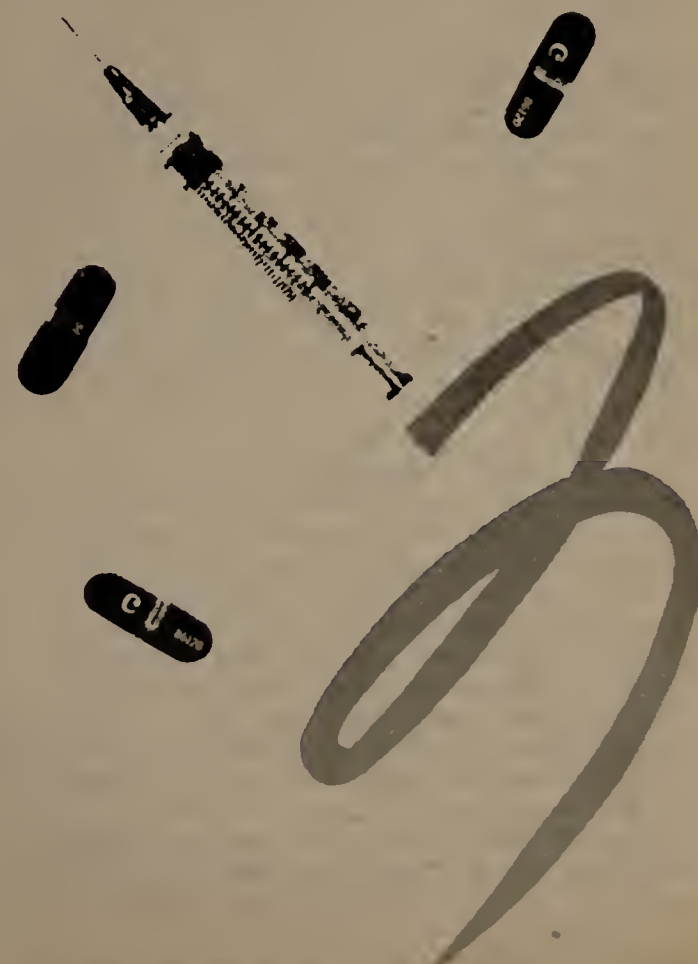
Both lesbians and gay men are grappling with the relationship between sexual desire and sexual practice, although we seem to be moving in different directions. This is an excellent time for lesbians and gay men to talk with one another about sex, and re-ground sexual liberation in our understanding of sexual desire.

The lesbian and gay community is experiencing not "AIDS anxiety," but "AIDS rage." "Anxiety" in this context is too polite, and implies that the individual experiencing these feelings is having trouble adjusting to his or her problem. It implies that he or she is having difficulty being rational about AIDS. It is impossible to ask anyone to be rational in the face of a life-threatening illness of unknown origin. People can't be reasonable when the community they have sacrificed to build is under vicious attack. Calling our rage "anxiety" is a way of silencing ourselves, of saying, "We're a little upset about this, but we'll adjust quietly."

Society has trained us to silence ourselves by teaching us that we are sick and disgusting, and if we must engage in these perverted acts, can't we please do it quietly in the closet. Gay liberation was a massive coming out of that closet, an angry "No thank you, we will not fade from view." Liberation from the complex oppression facing us as a result of AIDS means saying no to politeness, saying no to any individual solution to the terror we are carrying with us. If we are to come through the AIDS crisis with our community intact, we need more than a magic bullet to wipe out AIDS: we cannot accept a solution that pretends that doctors have saved us from ourselves.

These 15 years of organizing since Stonewall have not been a glorious bacchanalian feast, and AIDS is not our punishment. We have fought bitterly against our legal, social, and psychological oppression, and we are not about to hand our bodies or our politics over to get "cured" of AIDS.

The most profound task of gay liberationists confronting AIDS is to destroy the disease metaphor that drives this culture of death. We must challenge the notion of good guys and bad guys, of "normal culture" invaded by "social disease." We have to re-create the world in our own image of health and community control. We are fighting to survive in a world hell bent on destroying any cog that doesn't turn smoothly in the machine. If we can translate our fight to survive AIDS into a political agenda of cultural health, of a coalition of parts working together, than the lesbian and gay liberation movement may prove to be the driving force of the '80s.



Centerspread design by Tom Huth

fort. A bit closer to enactment are California and Connecticut's Department of Public Health guidelines detailing procedures for isolation of people with AIDS. This country has never shied away from quarantines or encampments: Ellis Island, camps for Asians during WWII, detention centers for Caribbean boat people, and camps for alleged "foreign agents" mandated by law in the 50s. The scattered pieces of legislation and the treatment of people already confined who are thought to have AIDS could cohere into a patterned whole of involuntary confinement for people with AIDS. And the recognition and evolving definition of "AIDS-Related Complex" may provide additional criteria for locking up anyone even "at risk" for AIDS. The attitude of prison officials may best speak to this point. Dr. James Olsen, director of health for the Florida Department of Corrections, says that "prison may be a better environment to maintain supervision over the AIDS-diseased inmate in order to regulate his behavior and make certain that no one else is infected." Phyllis Schlafly says, "Some prisons have already segregated and isolated the high-risk homosexual from the rest of the prisoners, and barred all homosexuals from food handling in order to prevent the spread of AIDS. Are healthy prisoners entitled to more protection against homosexual diseases than the rest of us?"

Lesbians and gay men have had radically different reactions to the occurrence of AIDS — some very good, some not so great. Many people have pushed past their initial panic and immobilizing fear to form support networks and raise funds. Other people have questioned the role of the straight media in sensationalizing AIDS and suggested that while this is a new and puzzling disease, we must be sure to take seriously all health crises — Hepatitis B and untreated STDs. Many of us have discussed our right to be promiscuous and accused straight society — and in some cases our own community — of manipulating AIDS to take away our hard-won sexual freedom.

AIDS organizing must be seen in the broader historical context of lesbian and gay organizing. Dealing with death and physical attack is nothing new for the gay and lesbian community. We have been raped, queer-bashed, murdered, beaten by police, suffered from medical experimentation, and forced to take a wide range of harmful drugs and therapies to change our sexuality. Straight society has tried to push us to self-destruction for years, through alcohol, drugs, suicide, depression, and just plain stress. We are constantly worn down by our oppression: we worry about coming out, about keeping our jobs, homes, and children. We worry about the survival of our lovers, our friends, and our fragile community.

Gay and lesbian organizing has made enormous strides. We have built a diverse network of social

What's A Girl To Do If She Doesn't Want To Act Like A Girl?

By Christine Guilfooy

It's too long ago to remember exactly how old I was, but I was no more than ten years when I pulled the chair into my parents' closet and pulled down the big maroon book nestled in the top shelf. My parents were out shopping, a good time, I knew, to explore the off-limits of their closet. In my mind, it's still clear: I open the book and see the picture of a downcast, teenage boy, the section titled "Homosexuality."

Well, I've had more shocks from books than from any horror film I've ever seen, and that includes *Jaws*, *The Brood*, and *The Night of the Living Dead* combined. When I read that section, I felt the same feeling as I did when Sister Mary

off very badly by contrast. I remember feeling shame I wasn't "acting like a lady" and feeling afraid that I wasn't really normal. I felt ambivalent about playing sports, because even though I loved it, I knew it was considered unacceptable. And I was aware of my sexual feelings, and that was what frightened me most. I believed what I absorbed from who-knows-where that it was dykes who played men's games. They really wanted to be men. My parents' silent disapproval and the ways other girls were behaving made me feel ashamed, and ultimately discouraged me from playing with my brother and his friends any more.

In 1964, we moved from the small fishing town to the city of Boston. I was sent to a Catholic school in the inner city. After having spent quiet summers

girls' game consisted of six players to a side (compared to the boys' team of five) with only two players travelling the full court. The other four were confined to half the court, two offensive and two defensive players. The theory was that girls didn't have the stamina to run all the way up and down that huge expanse of court. Of course, it was obvious to anybody who watched a girls' game that the two "rovers" who were allowed the length of the court needed much more stamina than any boy. That was because no matter to which side they went, they encountered players who had just been resting. In addition, players could only take three dribbles before passing off, and so the girls' game was by definition a passing game, which tended to speed up the flow of the game. Rovers had to be quick to keep up with the pace. Generally, the team's two best athletes were the rovers.

In those days, we wore dresses when we played. That's right: yellow dress, green trim, green bloomers. And the dress was pleated, a nightmare to iron. And the guys who hung out at Joe & Nemo's, where we used to have a morning cigarette before going to school, used to rag on us. "How do you expect to play basketball in a dress?" they'd shout with laughter. We'd take drags on our cigarettes and sneer in response.

But the dresses were just the cosmetic part of keeping us from being too physical or too aggressive. To keep us ladylike. We were not allowed to come any closer than arm's length of our opponents. And a friend of mine, now in her forties, told me that when she played basketball in college, she could be called for a foul simply for *acting* too aggressive.

The obvious question is "Well, how many girls on this high school team were queer?" I don't know. I hid my gayness. I tried to change. I told myself it was a phase. Be patient, I said, you'll grow out of it. I believed the stereotypes and thought I was a freak. I assumed that these girls were just a different variety of straight. I lost all contact with everybody on the team; I was afraid if we stayed in touch, they might figure it out eventually.

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Cletus looked under the lunch table to see if I had spilled any crumbs. I wished I had never eaten. And when I read far enough into that section to recognize myself, I wished I had never opened that book.

In the years before Stonewall, there was little gay positive stuff to read. I remember snatches of things I read as a youngster. I learned homosexuality meant being attracted to the same sex, that it was possibly a "phase," and that it was a dreadful state of affairs in an adult. I also got the impression that girls who were tomboys were, shall we say, "high risk."

My knowledge of gay persons and of who I was had been reduced to a short paragraph from my parents' medical encyclopedia. That passage changed how I thought about myself, it changed my perception of my tomboyism, and it changed my behavior.

Act Like A Lady

Although I had played football and baseball with my brother when I was in grade school, I had never been involved in organized sports as a youngster. In fact, there were no organized sports in my town for girls when I was younger. In the '50s and '60s when I was growing up, sex roles were more rigidly defined, and playing sports was at best frowned upon by more tolerant parents and actively discouraged by the less tolerant. While my parents usually said nothing, occasionally my mother would exclaim "Chrissy, that's not for girls" or "Chrissy, act like a lady."

I think I had some good reasons to want to go outside to play with my athletic brother. If I stayed inside, my mother would want me to spend all my time cooking and cleaning. But more than that, I liked the way it felt to run, skate, sled or play baseball and football. I liked breathing the fresh, salt air (we lived in Gloucester, a small, coastal fishing town) and the feeling of tiredness that came from physical exertion. It also was refreshing because it was just plain fun, a relief from the fear I often felt at school and in my austere, no-nonsense home.

My older sister was the prototypical girl. She was interested in all the right things: boys, clothes, make-up and cheerleading, a serious girl. I came

in the coastal town, it was a difficult adjustment to make. When intramurals came around for basketball, I was brand new in the school and was asked to take part. It was an obvious chance to get to know some of my classmates, and so I brought my sneakers and shorts to school in a brown paper bag with the A&P logo on the outside. When I began playing, all of the joy of movement that I had forgotten about came flooding back. I liked being with just the girls, I liked feeling the freeness of my body, and it was a good social outlet.

By this time, I had zero interest in boys. Although I did not dislike them, my strong feelings were always for women. And the girls on the basketball team were much more to my liking than many of the other girls in the school. They were tougher, some of them hung around with (what I fantasized were) gangs when they were in their home neighborhoods. And most did not seem interested in dating, a thought which I dreaded. To me, they were much more exciting than the cheerleaders.

I moved from intramurals that first year to my first team in my sophomore year. The team was kind of a haven for me; I found a comfortable companionship with a number of the girls on the team. I found a relief from the pressure that I felt to be heterosexual (that is, to date), and I found an alternative to sitting at home and reading. But there was still this disquieting sense this would label me as a lesbian which to my great consternation was becoming increasingly clear and increasingly irrevocable.

In my mind, being a dyke meant having greased back hair, wearing a leather jacket, and being very, very, tough. I was really none of those things. My hair was thick and I liked it best windblown dry, I looked like a scarecrow in leather, and I was afraid of my own shadow. But somehow, I thought that people might figure it out anyway. The effect all this had on me was to never let any of the other girls get too close to me; I made sure I wasn't too aggressive when I played, and I never, never acted like sports really mattered.

You Can Dress 'Em Up

It's interesting to what lengths adults went in order to launder girls organized sports of any taint. When I was in high school from 1964 to 1968, the

Remembering

Continued from Stonewall Supplement page 3

uality. And I continue to trick with men because I was horny. I never did more than trick, because I was terrified that I might become involved with them and with the gay world, and then where would I be? As the years went by, and I came no closer to being cured, the contradictions in my life began to assume even larger proportions. Something in me wanted to wake up, and I had to spend more and more energy keeping it asleep.

I was twenty-two years old and was living in Boston when I went to the baths one night and met a man from San Francisco. His name was Ted Stein, and we had one of those short, remarkable encounters that strangers sometimes have which affect the rest of their lives. It affected mine anyway, for it was the first time I had ever met or allowed myself to talk with a gay man who saw being gay not as a burden to be carried but as a gift bringing joy to his life. We talked about many things, but what I remember most clearly was talking about the importance of Stonewall to his life. He told me that he had experienced in San Francisco the freedom of being what he was, and that he saw Stonewall as a symbol of the importance of fighting for that freedom however he could, because he could never give that freedom up now.

That all sounds somewhat Civics Teacherish I know, but the fact is, lying with him on a narrow bed in a tiny room at the baths, that simple truth struck me with a force it never had before. In all my years of frantic political activity, I had managed to miss the fundamental point that the personal really was political and it had something to do with the way I could be living my life. And in the middle of that talk, it hit me that I was with someone who was not a role model for me to imitate, but someone who was simply an example of what accepting and loving yourself could do and what that could mean politically. I didn't need to become someone else, I had an identity already. And I began to realize that an important part of that identity was being gay. And I began to think of "they" as "we."

And finally, five years after Stonewall, I began to wake up.

"Kinky Gays" Keep Stonewall Alive

By Charley Shively

For me, a new world began with Stonewall. Just as both blacks and women had come to define a world from within their own experiences — rather than as a response to the white-man ideology/deprivation — so faggots and dykes staked out their own existences. The apocalyptic feeling shared by so many in the sixties shows up in a poems I wrote in Boston at the time, quite unaware of what was happening that day in Manhattan:

EXILES' KINGDOM

1

Exiles

flower filaments
broken stalks
we wash memories
together
with bracken
water lilies
disengaged
sperm heads
wiggle for
more time

2

Soon flowers
soon we'll
open sleeves
bouquets waiting
waiting awhile longer
everywhere flourishing
each a child
each finding
flowing mountain
milk final food
homecoming earth
nourishing
all nourishing
suncaked shelters
sunflowers
soon will
soon will bloom
fulfillment
our kingdom come

6/26-27/69

The notion that the liberation of homosexuals could be their own achievement and would not necessarily have to be some subsidiary of the straight white men's world still terrifies many because of the very real power and meanness of the heterosexual world. The various Gay Liberation Fronts which sprang up all over the United States after Stonewall all put our *liberation* in the forefront; "pride" and "rights" were expected but they were understood as by-products, not the end of our activities.

In 1977, as some groups wanted to drop such terms as "gay" or "lesbian" or "liberation" in favor of what they called "human rights," I responded by trying my best to restate what I understood to be the meaning of Stonewall. Speaking at Boston's Gay Pride Rally, I began by saying:

"Everything that we are
we owe to each other.
What we are
we owe in no way
to the straight society around us."

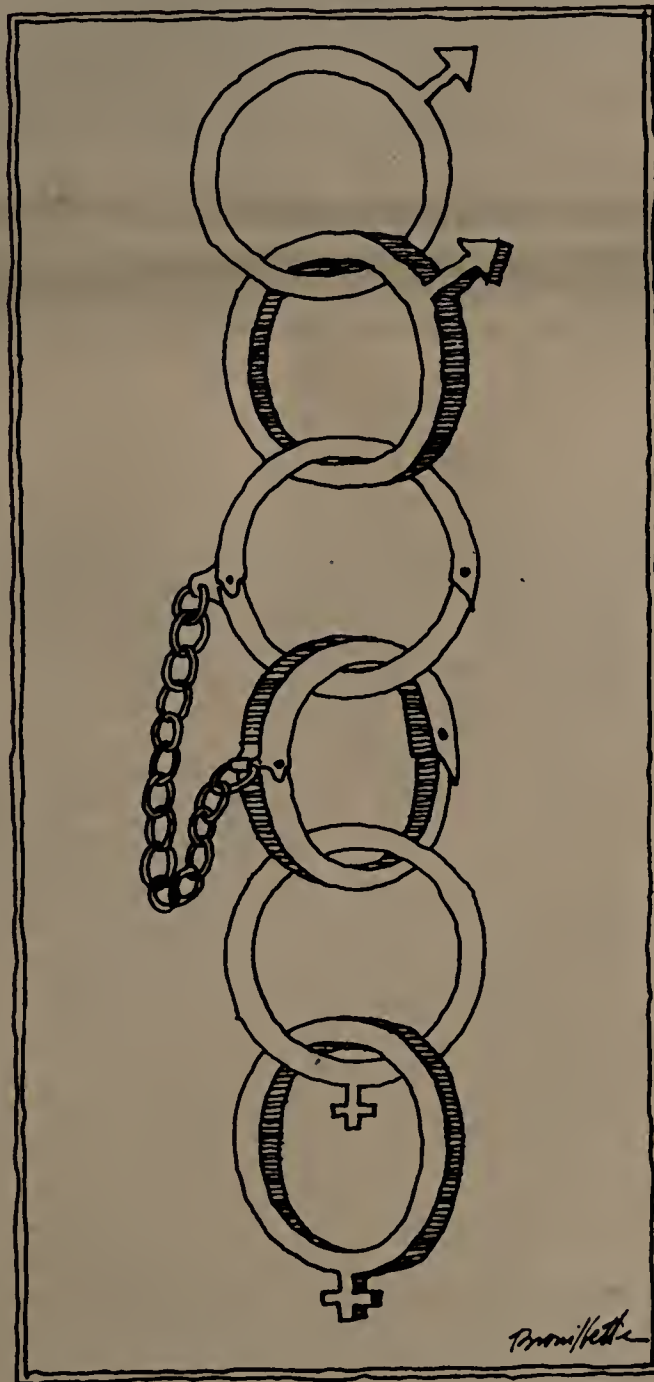
Our homosexuality in other words we learned from other homosexuals — not from schools, nor from work, nor from the state, nor from religion. In order to dramatize the necessary break that still had to be made from those oppressive institutions I burnt (with the help of Freddie Greenfield and a flaming wok) my Ph.D. diploma, a dollar bill, an insurance policy, the Mass. crimes against chastity laws, and a copy of the Bible. This was done on the very ground soaked in the blood of witches and of Quakers who had been killed on the Boston Common.

Most who heard this speech won't forget it, but few understood what I was trying to say and not many listened to my conclusion in which I pointed out, "We cannot remain alone and terrorized and divided. Because we face a test: a test to see who

among us is the weakest, who among us will go first, who among us will be destroyed first." Indeed, as soon as I had finished my speech, I was told that members of the Roman Catholic Church were threatening to kill me unless one of their spokesmen could have equal time on the platform. Evidently they hoped I would go first.

The church people seem to have understood my argument that you could not be both liberated and the member of *any* church organization, but they evidently feared any open discussion of this issue and instead concentrated on flaws in my personality. I wrote each of the church groups in Boston: "I would enjoy meeting with you to discuss the issues raised by my speech during Gay Pride Week. I would not want to 'debate' or 'argue' in any competitive way with you, but I would welcome an opportunity for dialogue." Only one group responded at all and they never scheduled any meeting. An Integrity spokesman wrote GCN that I should be exiled to Micronesia along with Michael Bronski and John Mitzel. The interesting thing I learned was that the church groups seem to have hated each other as much (if not more) than they hated atheists. Protestant, Catholic, Jew carried with them all the theological animosities from centuries of hatred.

Unfortunately, my speech was prophetic, since the D.A. in Boston launched a witchhunt-reelection campaign in December 1977 against an alleged Revere Sex Ring. Fortunately, a great number of gay groups (including the Metropolitan Community Church) rallied to defend us against



Paul Brouillette

this attack designed to stifle gay liberation. The gay "leaders" and "spokespersons" who rushed to support the D.A. and to denounce the newly formed Boston/Boise Committee found themselves ignored. One frantic "spokesperson" pulled me aside and hissed maliciously in my ear that the defendants were murderers — there were never any charges of any form of violence in any of these cases — and such efforts at slander failed completely. Tom Reeves demonstrated the power of community organizing against both the straight authorities and the quislings.

The issue here was most recently stated succinct-

ly by Boston's censor: "I've learned that there are two types of gays — straight gays and kinky gays." (GCN, 20 Aug 83) Living in an elegant townhouse acquired from the city for a dollar, the censor claims that many "straight gays" are her cronies. These "straight gays" presumably support her racism — "kinky" like "wooly headed" are derogatory terms referring to African hair — and hope to share in the many spoils available from city hall. For certain fees they will try to quiet the "kinky gays" — perhaps even inform on them to the police, maybe even exterminate us.

Three recent events highlight the work of the "straight gays." One is their support for legislation that would protect "straight gays" but exclude NAMBLA members from protection. Some so-called "leaders" even threatened NAMBLA members that if they should protest they would be labelled "spoilers" and be blamed for the failure of the coveted "gay legislation." Thus the purpose of the "straight gays" becomes clearer: their legislation is not meant to protect everyone, but only themselves. Indeed, they have always shied away from repealing sodomy law and, have not even conceived of any possibility of repealing the prostitution laws. Repealing the sodomy law would benefit every lesbian and gay man; therefore, it must be forever impossible for the "straight gay." The proposed 1983 legislation would have singled out Tom Reeves and myself specifically for non-protection.

A second "straight gays" attack upon the "kinky gays" occurred in the Fenway, where a disgruntled gay friend of the police department in 1983 bulldozed all the reeds around the Victory Gardens. Supporters for the straight-gay defoliation claimed that "Lifestyles are going to have to change." Presumably not *their* "lifestyles" — only those of the "kinky." An alleged artist said that "The people who use the area for sex give the gay community as a whole a terrible image." Evidently the wretched morals of the fens were even corrupting the gay bowling league, who discovered at the same time that "The Beantown Softball League was set up for the fun of all gay members. For a few it has been used as a vehicle to sell drugs." The good-gay bulldozer was also a member of the gay bowling league — assaulted on all sides by promiscuous vice — he rushed to the police for consolation. In response to all this corruption, Mike Riegle (a Fens resident) wrote pointedly: "Now I don't know who you and your friends are trying to impress (the sex-negative straight community? the cops?), but I have a lot of fun down there, and I wonder how anyone (who's not just plain against sex and fun) can feel they get a 'bad image' from that." Riegle's response to the homophobic violence in the Fens was simple: "Let's organize the gay community, instead of its enemies."

The third notable event in the history of the quisling "straight gays" has been their opposition to the candidacy of David Scondras for the City Council. Some are opposed to having an openly gay city councilor; a South Shore group even protested after he kissed his lover in front of the media. They would rather have a councilor indistinguishable from Jim Kelly who represents many gay precincts and who rose to fame in South Boston as a virulent proponent of white supremacy. Some of the gay "leaders" are even courting Kelly, while they bad-mouth Scondras.

The "straight gays" are to be pitied. They believe that by playing "straight" and hob-nobbing with "straight" politicians, they will be protected. They do not see that once the straight people eliminate the "kinky gays," then only the "straight gays" will remain. Remove the "kinky gays" and all the forces of repression will be directed against the "straight gays." And when they come for the "straight gays," who will defend them?

The "kinky gays" keep alive what is gay in being gay. If all gay people were "straight," then there would be no gayness to liberate. Within the experience of the "kinky" rests all of the gay poetry, art, politics, sexuality, love, joy, which Stonewall allowed us to see, to struggle for, to flourish with. If there is no kinkiness, there is no liberation. If we are just like everyone else, there is no gay life. Stonewall lives and will always live until every gay prisoner, every gay mental patient, every street hustler, every drag queen, every diesel dyke, every butch, every fem, every glory hole finds an opening into our own world.

Growing

Continued from Stonewall Supplement page 2

discover that I was gay. I felt saved. I felt energized by a movement of people like myself, rebelling against confining sex roles. I bought a motorcycle and learned to drive it.

But while I knew some members of GLF and RL, my closest friends and housemates (one year I lived with nine of my cohorts from the Ann Arbor Tenants Union) were all straight. I told some of them I thought I was a lesbian. They were supportive, but since they were straight, it didn't give me the chance to explore, figure out and move around that part of me. I wrote in my journal over and over "I am a lesbian, I am a lesbian, I am a lesbian" and then I ripped it up, tore it to shreds and threw it out. It was 1970 and I was scared. My worst fear was that maybe I wasn't really a lesbian. Maybe sex with women wouldn't feel good either, maybe I was "frigid," doomed to an existence devoid of the wonderous sexual energy my mother had taught me about. My fear kept me locked inside myself for three years, until in 1973 I was dragged out by a friend who not only took me to lesbian parties and introduced me around, but gave me my first really passionate kiss.

That happened in 1973, I was 22, and a member of the Ann Arbor City Council. But that is jumping ahead a few years.

After graduating from the University of Michigan in 1971 I became the coordinator of the Ann Arbor Human Rights-Radical Independent Party (HRP), a radical third party begun by the merger of several radical socialist student groups who hoped to break isolated student politics out into the broader community.

We wanted to run a full slate of five candidates for the 1972 city council elections. I spent a good deal of my time as party coordinator worrying about who might run and urging several people to consider running in the first and second wards, where we actually had some chance of winning. I began to notice that only men were considering running in those wards. At the same time a group of my friends began pressuring me to consider running for the second ward seat. I did not want to run. The men in our party were very self-assured. I had no such confidence.

Then it struck me that it was my socialization as a woman that kept me from running for office. Men were taught to assume they could accomplish things, women to fear trying. This realization, as well as the confidence and steady pressure of my

friends, changed my mind. I decided to run for office partially to overcome my own fears and insecurities.

I had many qualms, fears and questions about running for office, especially since I might actually win. In addition to my insecurities and wondering if I was adequate for the task, I wondered how it would change my life, what it would do to me. Among my many qualms about running was the fact that I thought I was gay, but wasn't sure, since I had not yet slept with a woman. Only my good friends in the party knew I thought I was queer. What should I do? I wondered? Did I have to get up in front of 300-400 people at our nominating convention and say "look there is something you might want to know before you nominate me for the one seat we might win — I'm probably a dyke."? I wasn't ready to make that statement, but I also thought people should know. I talked it over with my friends and housemates (other HRP activists) and finally went to talk to my friends in GLF. I presented them with my dilemma. I said if they believed I should get up at our meeting and say I was gay, I would. I went to them for support and for advice. Was I gay if I hadn't yet even slept with a woman? Would running as an openly gay candidate be truthful? I will never forget their advice. In one sense it gave me space and was nonjudgmental and very supportive. My friends in GLF told me, "look, you don't know for sure if you're gay or not, you don't have to come out, we know you support us, we know you've been at every gay demonstration, every picket line. We trust you. And we'd love to see you get elected. And you'd have a better chance to get elected if you didn't come out."

Looking back, I feel mixed about their advice. I am grateful they didn't guilt trip me. I am grateful for their support and trust. But perhaps what I needed was someone to help me work through my questions so that I would be able to come out, even though I hadn't yet had lesbian sex. I am sure the party would have nominated me either way. As I am writing this, over ten years after the fact, I realize I can't really fault GLF for not being able to do for me what I was not quite ready to do for myself. So while I did not announce in front of all of HRP that I thought I was queer, I did make a promise to myself that *every* time I spoke, every debate, every talk show, every door-to-door canvass, I would mention the gay liberation part of our platform. That was a promise I kept, and so in looking back on my campaign I feel no shame.

GLF was supportive during the entire campaign, and during my two years on city council. And it was during our first year on council, before either of us were publicly out that Jerry DeGrieck (HRP-1st Ward) and I introduced and got passed an HRP-written amendment to the city's human rights ordinance banning discrimination based on sexual preference.

I did finally come out publicly (front page news) at a city council meeting, along with Jerry DeGrieck. And that was such a liberating moment that it literally gave me the energy to finish my second year on council even though I was dealing with my mother as she was dying of cancer.

Having two openly queer radicals on the Ann Arbor City Council made for some lively times. HRP/GLF-organized demonstrations closed down council meetings on several occasions as we fought for public space and an understanding of our politics. Far from the respectable image some gay politicians today would like us all to have, Jerry and I raised hell and did not try to pretend we were the same as everyone else.

I got involved in the gay/lesbian liberation movement not because of some altruistic notion that it would make a better world, or simply because I had an analysis which confirmed that gay/lesbian liberation was a threat to the nuclear family and, therefore, capitalism. I got involved because it was what was needed to make a world in which I could live and grow. I also got involved so that things would be better for those who came after me. No one else should have to go through what I went through in high school. I did not "come out in the women's movement." I believe I have always been a lesbian. But it was the women's movement and the gay/lesbian liberation movement which named for me that which I was.

I will always be grateful to and devoted to the women's movement and the gay/lesbian liberation movements for giving my desires a name, and for allowing me some space outside the strict confines of my sex role. Since it is the broader politics of gay/lesbian liberation which engaged me to begin with, it is those politics which feed and nourish me now. And with the re-emergence in the '80s of strong pressures once again to conform to feminine stereotypes, including the come-back of high heels, tight, uncomfortable dresses, lipstick and make-up, it is the broader politics of gay/lesbian liberation and its challenge to such sex-role stereotyping, that we desperately need.

Act Like a Girl?

Continued from Stonewall Supplement page 6

When I graduated from high school, I became virtually inert. I worked 20 hours a week all through college and lived at home. The friends I had were not interested in sports or games, but they all were interested in dating and marriage.

By this time, it was early 1970, I was in my early twenties. Through high school, I had calmed myself about my lesbian feelings by convincing myself (with a little help from my parents' medical encyclopedia) that it was only a phase. But by the time I had reached my twenties, I felt increasingly unconvinced. Not only weren't the feelings going away, they were becoming even stronger and more insistent. When I was in grammar school, I had crushes on my (women) teachers, never on my classmates and friends. When I was in high school almost all my crushes were on my (women) teachers, rarely on other girls, my peers. I had convinced myself that it was "hero worship," but as I got older, I developed crushes with alarming frequency on my friends. One time, as my best friend told me about her boyfriend's ex-girlfriend, she gave me the "shocking" news that he had discovered she was a lesbian. She virtually sneered as she said "How do you like that, a doctor's daughter, too." Ironically enough, we were playing tennis at the time. Mmmm, I replied, but for the first time I felt very, very angry.

I Like Sports Because It's Unladylike

In 1974, I moved away from home and out to the Midwest for the express purpose of coming out. It took me another year and a half after I moved to go to my first gay liberation meeting, but I was on my way.

By 1978, my first lover got me to join a mixed lesbian/straight softball team. In 1982, when I was 32, I joined my first all-dyke softball team, and that winter joined my first dyke basketball team.

When I started with the softball team, it was the first team I had been on since high school. Times had changed a lot since Stonewall, and now it was

easier for lesbians to meet one another and to socialize outside the bars. Women on the team were from a variety of backgrounds. Athletic skills varied from "none-at-all-but-willing-to-learn" to "haven't-missed-a-season-since-I-was-ten." Everybody was encouraged to play as well as they could and to have fun.

I was ecstatic to be using my athletic skill, this time with a group of people who shared my experience of being queer. I was able to be open and to relate to others in the way I chose. And we were dyke-baited often during that time both by opposing players and by men who hung around the field. The experience brought us closer.

I also experienced things about my own personality and ultimately about feminism by my participation. I found that it was often my own ideas about my limitations which limited me, more than anything about my actual competency level. I saw other people on the team play with poise, confidence, flare, hesitation, modesty; all the attributes about personalities in general can be seen on a softball field.

Problems: Lovers' Tiffs and Cooptation

Not that it was always perfect. When you have 25 dykes on one team, you have room for a lot of different dynamics. It might happen something like this: Mary and Jane are involved. They have a fight before the game. Mary is now in center field, her arms folded tightly across her chest as she watches her foot kicking a clump of dirt. Jane is at second base sobbing loudly. Joanie comes to the next game and innocently inquires where could Jane be. Everybody, including Mary, stares out at the parking lot in tense silence. Joanie gets the picture; another couple bites the dust.

Now that women's sports is becoming more accepted, in some cases it imitates men's sports. There are some things I dislike: the big money, the elitist emphasis on only the best having the opportunity to play in college. The emphasis on "able bodiedness" without recognition of other ways of being. The lack of support given to people of varying skill levels. The win-at-any-cost attitude even if it means belittling opponents.

An example of how things have changed was demonstrated when I was watching my old softball team play. Most women whom I play with are anxious about how they will perform. They are nervous when they go to the plate or are in the field. Tightness prevents many good women athletes from performing to their potential. But there was one woman on the opposing team who strode to the plate as if she really wanted to be there. She hit the ball, a solid double, which she promptly tried to stretch to a triple. In a very close play at third base, the umpire shouted "OUT" as she slid into third. Without missing a beat, she came out of her slide, grabbed a handful of dirt, and threw it at the stunned ump's feet. Standing nearly in front of him, she screamed at him, berating him for his call. He looked flustered and, oddly enough, embarrassed. This was a women's game; *they* hardly ever complain and he was totally

I liked the fact that she was not being LADYLIKE, that she had the courage to believe she had made it and should have spoken up for herself. I didn't like the way she did it, or her disrespect for others in the process.

To me, this history does not speak to what I did not have when I was younger, but to what I have today. The importance of my participation in sports has been largely symbolic. It comprises a great deal of my personal history, including my history as a lesbian, and that is what makes it significant to me. I know others had very different experiences, and they will have different ideas about organized athletics.

By the way, my sister, the cheerleader, is now married with two kids and she runs around the school track with a friend to keep in shape. After years of feeling isolation in my family I found out my oldest brother is gay. A couple of years ago, I told him about the maroon medical encyclopedia that I pulled out of the closet, and wasn't it a coincidence that it opened to *that* page? "Probably not," he smiled. "I opened it to that page a few times myself."

CALENDAR

**June 23
to
July 20**

23 saturday

Boston — Workshop on **Sex and Politics** led by radical lesbian sexologist and author **Freda Rosen**. Sponsored by **Boston Institute for Social Therapy and Research**. \$10.00. 2:00 to 5:00PM. Info, registration: 524-7710.

Boston — Final performance of **Lifting Belly**, adapted from a poem by Gertrude Stein. Bromfield Gallery, 36 Newbury St., 8PM. Tickets \$7. Info: 262-7782.

24 sunday

New York — **Dignity/Boston's** day trip to **New York Pride March**. Leaves from corner of Arlington and Boylston Streets, Boston, at 7:00AM, leaves New York at 7:00PM, arrives Boston around midnight. \$20 cost includes continental breakfast. Mail check or money order to Dignity/Boston, 355 Boylston St., Boston MA 02116 or buy ticket Sundays, 6:30 to 7:30PM, Arlington Street Church basement.

26 tuesday

Boston — First meeting of **Non-Violence Support Group**. Discussion for those opposing violence in all its forms. 7:00PM, 645 Beacon St., Room 326 (near Kenmore "T" station).

Cambridge — The **Feminist Cluster** network of **women's civil disobedience affinity groups** and individuals. 7PM, Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. Info: Barbara, 491-6972.

Brookline — **The Soldiers' Resistance Movement in Israel**. Yaacov Shein, of the Israeli soldiers' peace group Yesh Gvul will speak at the Workmen's Circle, 1762 Beacon St. 7:30 PM. \$3.00. Sponsored by the Boston Alliance Against Registration and the Draft. Info: 354-0008.

27 wednesday

Cambridge — **Dyke Divers/Amphibious Amazons** organizational meeting to plan summer dive schedule. Modern Times Cafe, Cambridge. 6:30PM. Info: Susan 646-1992.

Boston — **Community Hearing on Cases of Police Misconduct**, sponsored by Clergy and Citizens for Justice. 7-9:30PM at Elma Lewis School. Info: 725-3131 Councillor Yancey's office. Note: people are needed who would be willing to testify about abuse they have received from the Boston Police.

28 thursday

Boston — **Doric Wilson's Street Theater**, directed by Alan Dubroc, marking the 15th anniversary of the Stonewall Riots. At the Here Today Gallery, 46 Waltham Street. Tickets are \$7, \$5 for senior citizens and students with IDS. Reservations can be made by calling 253-7062 9AM-5PM weekdays.

Boston — **Gay Community News** always needs help on production night when articles are proofread and pasted up. If you've done **proofreading** or **layout** and would like to volunteer, stop by 167 Tremont St. 5th Floor (5-8pm for proofing, 7:30-11pm for layout). Come help out **GCN** and read tomorrow's news today.

Boston — **Citywide Lesbian and Gay Constituency of the Rainbow Coalition** meeting to discuss ongoing anti-racist work, work in the Rainbow around U.S. out of Central America and the Central American Referendum Campaign, plans for a party. 7:30 PM. Info, location: 364-5938 or David, 522-0605.



The characters **Ceil, Boom Boom, Jack and C.B.** from **Street Theater**.

29 friday

Cambridge — **Summer Dance** sponsored by **Gays At MIT**. MIT Student Center, 84 Mass Ave., 9PM-1AM. Beer and wine available. \$3 admission/\$2 with Student ID. College students and their guests welcome. Info: 253-5440.

Boston — **GCN VOLUNTEER NIGHT!!!** Come help send out the paper to our subscribers. Refreshments and good times. Come anytime after 6PM to our space at 167 Tremont Street, 5th Floor (near Boylston and Park Street "T" stops). If the door is locked, buzz us on the **GCN** intercom located outside the front door.

30 saturday

Cambridge — **GRAND PARTY!** Live music with **Salvadoran** band. 8:30PM at the Clube Recreio Madeirense, 178 Elm St. Typical foods & drinks for sale. Tickets: \$5. advance, \$6. at door. Info: 661-0202.

30 saturday

Northampton — **PVPGA Summer Fling Fundraiser**. All you can eat clambake, men's and women's softball, swimming and an evening disco. Tickets \$10, includes food. 2PM to 1AM. Pioneer Valley People's Gay Alliance, Box 181, Northampton, MA 01060, (413) 584-7903.

North Shore — Workshop for **women survivors of child sexual abuse** led by feminist poet and counselor **Ellen Bass**. 10:00AM to 6:00PM. Sliding-scale fees. Info, location: 776-2793 or (603) 899-6491.

Northampton — **Pioneer Valley People's Gay Alliance Summer Fling** Fundraiser. All-day fun, all-you-can-eat clambake (hamburgers, too), men's and women's softball, swimming, evening disco. \$7 before June 20, \$10 after, including food. 2 PM to 1 AM. Send check payable to PVPGA, Box 181, Northampton, MA 01060 or call (413) 584-7903.

Boston — **Yard Sale** to benefit **New England Human Rights Network** 10 AM to 4 PM, Harvard Epworth Church, Mass. Ave., Harvard Square. Info: 661-6130.

5 thursday

Cambridge — **Seabrook reunion concert and dance party** to benefit Mobilization for Survival and the Mass Nuclear Referendum Committee 8PM, Cambridge Institute for Art and Sciences, 21 Notre Dame St., off Rindge Ave. in North Cambridge. Bright Morning Star, Betsy Rose, and Pat and Tex. Guy Chichester and others will speak. Tickets: \$5. in advance, \$6. at door. The party, starting at 10:30, is \$3. Tickets and Info: 354-0008.

6 friday

Plymouth, N.H. — **Summer Sojourns for Women**. Hiking meditation, indoor and outdoor workshops. \$95 per person, meals and lodging included. Womenspace, RFD 3, Box 206A, Plymouth, NH 03264 (603) 536-3656.

7 saturday

Boston — Workshop for **women survivors of child sexual abuse**. See June 30 entry.

Somerville/Medford — **Gay and Lesbian Alliance** will hold a **Meet-Your-Neighbor Party** from 8 to 12PM. Medford Sons of Italy Hall, Broadway and Alfred Streets, Medford. \$2.50 at the door, \$2 in advance. Call 628-5875 to RSVP, or write PO Box 45211, Somerville, MA 02145.

9 monday

Boston — **AIDS Action Committee Open Forum** for AAC Members and the General Public. 7PM, Marshall Forstein will speak on 'Safe Sex' at Morville House, 100 Norway St. (near the Symphony MBTA stop).

10 tuesday

Cambridge — **"Coming Out: Being Single"** Discussion 8PM. All women welcome. Daughters of Bilitis, 1151 Mass. Ave., Old Cambridge Baptist Church. Info: 661-3633.

12 thursday

Boston — **Boston Bisexual Men's Network** meets to discuss the pains and pleasures of being bi. 7:00 to 10:00PM, Packard Room, Arlington Street Church, corner Boylston and Arlington Streets.

19 thursday

Cambridge — **Starhawk**, author of "The Spiral Dance" and "Dreaming the Dark" will speak on: **Reclaiming our Power: Magic, Sex and Politics**. A Spiral Dance Circle will follow the lecture. 8PM, Stebbins Auditorium, 1st Parish Unitarian Church of Cambridge, Church St. Admission \$4 to \$8 sliding scale.

july 1 sunday

Boston — **Standing On My Knees**. John Olive's drama portrays the struggle of a woman to rebuild her life and to write again after a bout with schizophrenia. Performed by Present Company, directed by Michelle M. Faith. 8PM, at Nucleo Eclettico, 216 Hanover St. Tix \$10, discounts for advance reservations. 367-8056.

3 tuesday

Boston — Training seminar for people working with **survivors of child sexual abuse** led by feminist poet and counselor **Ellen Bass**. 10:00AM to 6:00PM. Sliding-scale fees. Info, location: 776-2793, (603) 899-6491.

4 wednesday

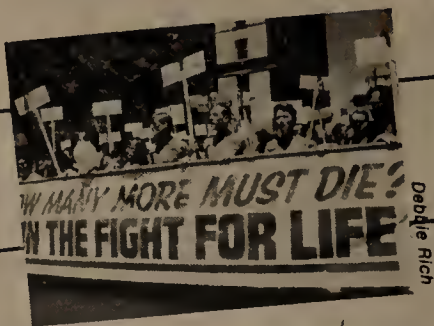
Boston — The **Minuteman Classic**, a national gay **softball tournament**. Teams from San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C. and elsewhere. Write the Beantown Softball League, P.O. Box 428, Boston, 02215, for details.

Cambridge — **A Rap for the Baby Boom Generation!** (Born 1945 to 1960 — but we aren't fussy) 8PM. All women welcome. Daughters of Bilitis, 1151 Mass. Ave.; Old Cambridge Baptist Church. Info: 661-3633.

Calendar compiled by Jim Reed

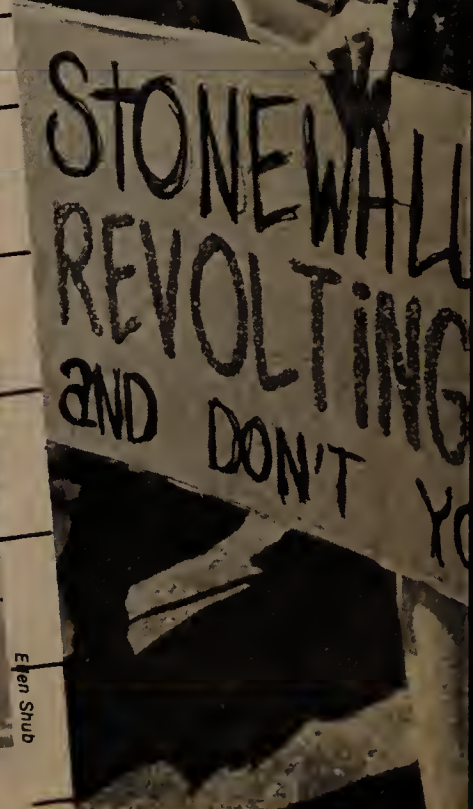
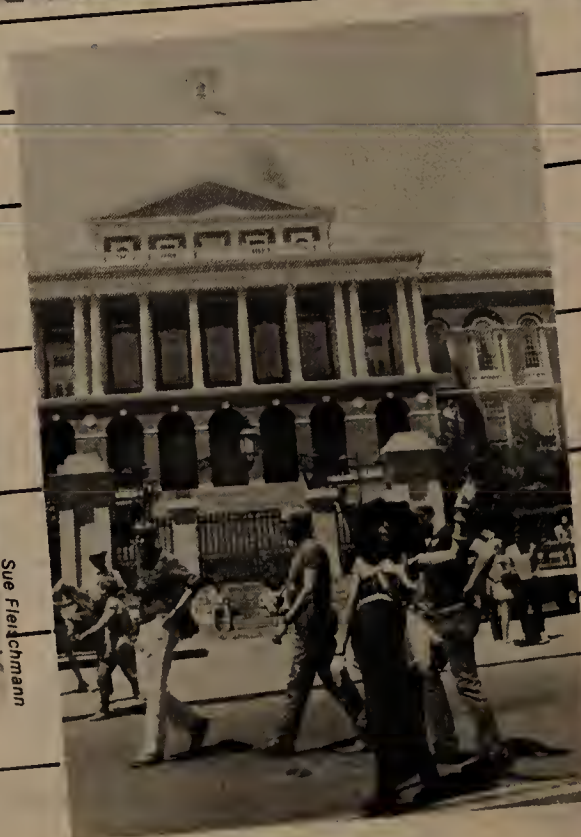
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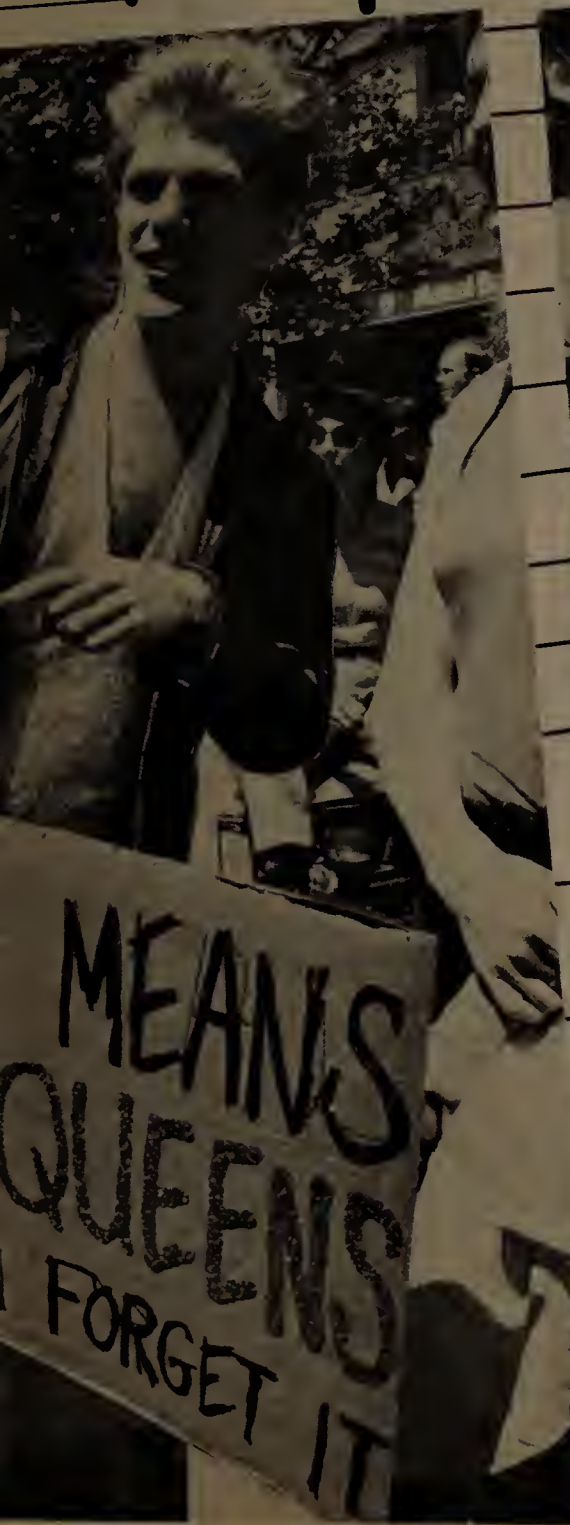
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(Reprinted from Real Paper "Best of Boston" Fall, 1980)

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Speaking Out Unity And More in '84

By Harry Hay

If any of you come to Los Angeles for the Olympics next month, some Gay person, taking you on a tour of Gay Los Angeles, might drive you to the brow of a hill overlooking the east side of a quiet, silvery lake. On a windy November afternoon, 34 years ago, five politically radical Gay Brothers sat down together on that hill, under a Live Oak which is gone now, to contemplate the vision for a novel type of Gay organizing I was working on—I had conceived of developing “consciousness-raising raps” which we thought of simply as discussion groups in those years. And we began to dream a Dream of a Gay Family Collective which one day might stretch from sea to shining sea.

The five of us were committing ourselves to inventing a new Minority... quoting THE MATTACHINE MISSIONS & PURPOSES collectively written by five and then by seven of us as of April 1951, “paralleling the emerging cultures of our Fellow Minorities... the Negro, Mexican, and Jewish People.” (Negro was still the racially approved word then—Black came later.) Alike with Galatea and Pinocchio, the moment the New Minority was cut out, pasted together, and stood up on its teetery feet, it took off like a feather in the wind on a life of its own, inviting us to seek cracks and crevices in the heretofore impregnable walls of prejudice imprisoning us, through which our pent-up energies... now suddenly illuminated by political thought and direction... might at last begin to flow.

As spokespersons for that newly-invented but already impatient Minority, we five projected three immediate needs:

- to discover, or re-discover, who we Gay People were, where we had been over the millenia, and what we were for;
- to find ways and means of communicating our discoveries as to who we were, and what we were all about, to the Hetero Society surrounding us;
- to negotiate “free and equal” social and political spaces for our Minority—as a group—within that plurality of diverse Minority groups which comprises the American Community—wherein we could demonstrate what we were all about, wherein we could exercise and share the significant contributions we wished to make, the capacities for which we had been carrying and safeguarding down the many millenia of our refugee underground journeys.

Putting those right-brain feelings we had been secretly carrying within us—for many thousands of years—into left-brain words and phrases which could be written down and duplicated was one thing; to get any action started around them would prove to be something quite else.

When the committed five of us swelled to a sphere of influence of possible 5000 in the State of California by the Spring of 1953, even in the teeth of the McCarthy witch-hunt, we were in trouble. The majority—now middle class in outlook—swamped our radical perceptions and opted for the notion that we were the same as everybody else except in bed. With the advent of Robert's Rules of Order, the bright dreams of rediscovering ourselves died: as the dreams died our sphere of influence plummeted from 5000 to 500. And though we laid little powder trains here and there, and began to win favorable decisions in court cases—including one in the United States Supreme Court—here and there; and occasionally we radicals were able to squirrel up chances to present positive Gay images on National Public Radio or on major TV here and there, the middle-class cop-out remained largely the Movement's policy and outlook until Stonewall. The Stonewall eruption ignited the powder trains we radicals had been laying in many parts of the country. The combined explosions shattered the door-locks of the Hetero Society's closets and attics to reveal that we Gay and Lesbian folk were indeed everywhere. Gay life-styles and Gay-positive ways of being ourselves suddenly became visible all over the place.

But the ways and means of communicating to the Hetero Society around us as to how we wished to be seen in terms of this new visibility, to be heard, were still not forthcoming. Such communications, which would have started to explain to them our startling new visibilities which—right from the first—were running athwart the long traditions of Hetero conformities, and threatening many a Hetero male's self-confidence, did not accompany our visibility presentations. The ways and means of communicating to the Hetero Society surrounding us about who we really were—and where we might be coming from, or about how Great Mother Nature might have in mind for us to develop and contribute new dimensions of perceiving which Society desperately needs but for which discoveries Hetero Society itself was in no way equipped—all these powerful and even painful sharings which 1st Mattachine had projected as requiring to be our first priorities 20 years earlier, did not materialize any more after Stonewall than they had before Stonewall.

A month from now, over June 12 to 13th in San Francisco, we may collectively face a national showdown instead of the merely state and local trouncings as of heretofore. Jerry Falwell, Phyllis Schlafly, the rabid Homophobic Catholic Priest Father Enrique Rueda, and the Reagan Administration in the persons of Surgeon-General Koop, as well as the chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the Director of the Justice Department's Office of Juvenile Justice, are admittedly presenting a pro-Family Conference at which THE THREAT OF HOMOSEXUALITY will be a major topic.

In the face of the long-announced plan of the Gay Movement Nationally to stage a giant march and rally on June 15th, to present to the Democratic Convention our determination to win first class Citizenship:

- it has to be obvious that Falwell's single intention (as it is also of the massed forces of the New Right complete with official representation from the Reagan Administration) to taunt and to goad the Gay Movement into dangerous inadvertencies of bitter and violent counter-actions,
- it has to be obvious that the massed forces of the New Right, together with the Reagan Administration, wish to embarrass the Gay Movement in the eyes of the world and so jeopardize their campaign to impress the Democratic Convention with the justice and the *human rightness* of their petitions;
- it has to be obvious that the New Right, through this “Pro-Family” conference, this FAMILY FORUM III being mounted by the Moral Majority Foundation and the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, is attempting to stamper the integrity of the Convention itself by shaming it into repudiating all those who would presumably undermine the sacred foundations of the Traditional American Family—Apple Pie—Home—and Mother!

Falwell, as a person and a citizen, is far too clever and intelligent to be in ignorance of who Gay people really are and of what the Gay Movement really consists. We are dealing with a hidden agenda here (and make no mistake!), a sinister and even dreadful “hidden agenda” in which the real victims are the American People themselves. The New Right, with Falwell as its principal spokesperson, is deliberately and calculatingly laying the basis for the BIG LIE and creating, in consequence, the scapegoat classification necessary to support it—exactly as did National Socialism, with Hitler as its spokesperson, in Germany 44 years ago. The BIG LIE, for Americans in 1984, is the Moral Majority version of the *Traditional American Family*, the family with the consciousness of Cotton Mather, the family where the roles have retrogressed the menial servitudes for the women and children of families 100 years ago. The American People must be informed that Falwell's Family is the one in which Father is the autocrat solely responsible for, and therefore in charge of, all of its affairs, where the differences in the sexes have reverted to those laid out for all time in the Bible “as they have been understood historically in the U.S.”—to quote the FAMILY PROTECTION ACT of the Hansen Bill HR#311, and the Laxalt-Jepson Bill S#1378, of 1981-82.

And we Gay and Lesbian folk, in the Moral Majority's eyes, are the prime threat to this noble Family Institution. It is by our ever-increasing visibility not only in new applications of law and social custom but indeed also in the Arts that we seduce and recruit the children. But because we have never shared with our friends and well-wishers in the grass-roots consensus of the American Community *our vision* as to who we are and what we might really be about, that usually kindly-disposed American Consensus has now no bottom-line of informed opinion or shared experience concerning us by which to fend off this barrage of evil and scurrilous deceit parading as religion and holy writ.

However, this time round, in this particular juncture of the upcoming San Francisco convention, we may still have a legitimate way out. We Lesbians and Gays can point out, and rightly so, that PRO-FAMILY III is but one segment of the National Community demanding audience of other segments of that same National Community... it is not yet an United National Community confronting us as a commonly-perceived *Scapegoat*. The Moral Majority's irresponsible behavior should be reprehended by sober and responsible heads from other segments of that same National Community. I would propose that the combined forces of Gary Hart, a Senator of the 97th Congress who studied and shelved the FAMILY PROTECTION ACT, and of Jesse Jackson, a courageous innovator in our National Religious Community, together should proceed to expose and reveal the BIG LIE in the true measure of Falwell's Traditional American Family. I propose that Hart and Jackson reveal for all to see that the Moral Majority, to defend the authority of this AMERICAN FAMILY, are demanding through the FAMILY PROTECTION ACT—Federal law changes that would cut off all federal funds from any state or local agency who maintained shelters or provided assistance programs for battered women.

The MORAL MAJORITY, through the Family Protection Act, demand federal law changes so that child abuse would no longer be deemed to include corporal punishment when applied “reasonably” by a “responsible” parent or substitute, such substitutes being, among others, school teachers. They demand that all federal funds be cut off from any state or local agency who maintained shelters or provided assistance programs for child-victims of parental abuse or family abuse. Gary Hart and Jesse Jackson, as political leaders who seek to chart new paths for the American Community, are precisely the right spokespersons to examine whether Falwell's and Schlafly's and Reagan's Family, wherein women and children can be battered and abused without recourse are indeed the Family role models for a New American Consensus. Hart and Jackson can easily expose the wicked fraud of *this* Traditional American Family... and so stop this BIG LIE dead in its tracks while there is still time.

I propose that in the very beginning of our evaluative sharing circles we begin to catalog these differences as sharply and as precisely as we are able. For in the so doing we may simultaneously begin to discern a focus by which to appreciate the unexpected wealth and resource which the width and breadth of these vision-differences between the Lesbians and the Gays can afford us.

These are some of the ways, I think, that we might use to teach one another who we are and what we might really be about. Out of a true unity between the Lesbians and Gay men based upon a strong and healthy mutual respect for each other's differences, we will be finally in a place to confront the necessity of demonstrating to the Hetero Community what we are really all about. When we begin to do this, incidently, and—here and there—manage to create a revelation whereby they suddenly comprehend who we are and how we have been contributing to their cultural and political well-being all these many millenia... and whereby they also catch wise to the suspicion that their laws and prejudices already are impeding us from making further contributions, we'll begin to see the Heteros moving to eliminate those repressive laws and customs *to their advantage* in order to keep our creative and inventive goodies flowing their way. And it is here—when they change their Laws not to our advantage *but rather to their advantage*—i.e.—so that it conforms to the Consensus of the Whole—where our real security as a People resides.

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